Price 5 Cents. Established 1878.

THE NEW UNITY

For Good Citizenship, Good Literature; and Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

OLD SERIES, VOL. 35 CHICAGO, MARCH 25, 1897. NEW SERIES, VOL. 5.

Reading Room Divinity School

CONTENTS.

Page.

EDITORIAL:
- Notes ... 55
- The Inspiration of the Whale ... 57
- Revivals ... 57
- Illiberal Liberalism ... 58
- Correspondence ... 59

THE LIBERAL CONGRESS:
- Unity (poem) ... 60
- Democratic Education—Oscar Lovell Triggs ... 60
- Joy Cometh with the Morning (poem) 60
- Anthropological Notes — Frederick Starr ... 61
- The President's Message—E. P. Powell ... 61
- Reliable Knowledge ... 62
- Good Advice ... 62
- To Mount Royal (poem) ... 62
- St. Savior's and Its Records—M. H. P. 62
- The Ring and the Book ... 63

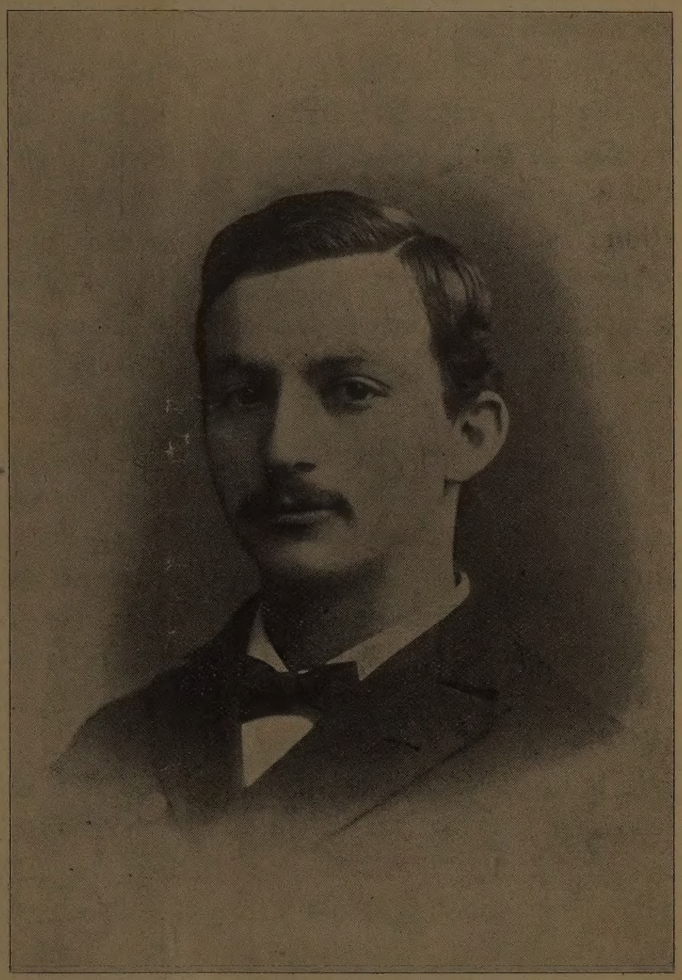
THE WORD OF THE SPIRIT:
- What Can We Do Together?—Joseph Stolz ... 64
- Education and Heredity—Levi A. Eliel ... 65
- A True Story About a Horse ... 68

THE HOME:
- Helps to High Living ... 69
- Grown-up Land (poem) ... 69
- Happiness in Paris ... 69
- An Arab's Answer ... 69
- How Birds Talk ... 69
- A Mother's Word ... 69

THE STUDY TABLE:
- A Study of Comparative Religion ... 70
- Nature's Song (poem) ... 70
- Notes and Comment ... 70

THE LIBERAL FIELD:
- Chicago ... 71
- Personal ... 71
- Sunday School Notes ... 71

OLD AND NEW:
- Moral Geography ... 72



Joseph Stolz.

Alfred C. Clark, Publisher, 185-187 Dearborn St

Chicago

By Way of Acknowledgment.

The publisher of THE NEW UNITY is embarrassed. He is embarrassed for the want of words to express his feelings. His initial efforts to open up a wider and richer field for THE NEW UNITY have been seconded in such a large hearted way and by such a multitude of friends that he hardly knows how to make a proper acknowledgment. He feels like cabling the senior editor in Italy to come home and help him out.

But it is not the business policy of THE NEW UNITY to multiply words—except when we increase the size of the paper, as we did last week.

So we will leave it that way—words for the editor, deeds for the publisher. We will not indulge in verbal thanks for the splendid reception you gave THE NEW UNITY with its twenty pages of superb matter—which, by the way, was read in more than thirty thousand homes—but we will show our appreciation in a more substantial way. We will make it twenty-four pages just as soon as we can perfect arrangements now pending. Then if you respond as liberally as you did before—well, we'll have to make it thirty-two pages. You see there's no limit at this end of the line. Liberal patrons, liberal publisher.

THE NEW UNITY has been appointed to lead the great movement for good citizenship, intellectual and spiritual freedom, fellowship and character in religion. In order to lead it is necessary to be heard, to get the public ear, to attract the people's attention. THE NEW UNITY must have more readers. It has thousands of them now, but it must have more. It has a message to tell that no man can afford to miss. It is an evangel of light and life and its theme is "The Brotherhood of Man."

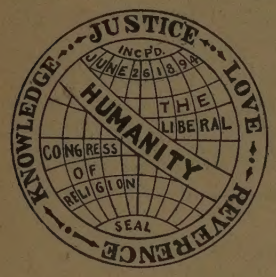
With such writers as Dr. Thomas, the great liberal preacher, and his brilliant coadjutor, Dr. Vrooman; with Rabbi Hirsch enlisted along with the eminent Congregational divine, Dr. Moxom; with E. P. Powell, John W. Chadwick, Joseph Stolz, Professors Triggs and Starr and Zeublin of the Chicago University; Ellen T. Leonard, Caroline Bartlett Crane, and all the others associated with them, to say nothing of that irrepressible genius, the senior editor, who is just now sniffing the salt sea breezes of the Mediterranean and renewing his youth in the land of song, preparatory to the best efforts of his life—with all these and a publisher whose will and energy are equal to all demands, the success of THE NEW UNITY is not a matter of doubt or conjecture. It is inevitable.

Fraternally and sincerely yours,

ALFRED C. CLARK, Publisher.

THE NEW UNITY

VOLUME V. THURSDAY, MARCH 25, 1897. NUMBER 4



TO unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion, to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in oganization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future.
—From Articles of Incorporation of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.

Editorial.

Four travelers—a Turk, an Arab, a Persian, and a Greek—having met together, decided to take their meal in common; and as each had but ten paras, they consulted together as to what should be purchased with the money. The first said Uzum, *the second* Ineb, *the third decided in favor of* Inghur, *and the fourth insisted upon* Stafilion. *On this, a dispute arose between them, and they were about to come to blows, when a peasant, passing by, happened to know all four of their tongues, and brought them a basket of grapes. They now found out, greatly to their astonishment, that each one had what he desired.*

PERSIAN.

Persistency is service with God, endurance is the field in which his vines are trained, and patience is the subsoil into which all the virtues strike their tap-roots.

Why should not "Bird Sunday" take rank in our Sunday schools with "Flower Sunday?" But what can be done for the children if their teachers persist in wearing hats decked with the bodies and wings of murdered songsters? Such a lady remonstrated with, said deprecatingly: "O, I wouldn't wear a *bird* on my hat, you know, but there isn't much harm in a wing or two, is there?" "No," was the reply, "probably the bird wouldn't miss *a wing or two!*"

Rabbi Joseph Stolz, one of the associate editors of THE NEW UNITY, whose likeness may be found upon the first page, was born in Syracuse, N. Y., November 3, 1861. He graduated from the Syracuse High School in 1878, took his bachelor's degree with distinction at Cincinnati University in 1883, and his rabbinical degree at the Hebrew Union College, Cincinnati, in 1884. He served at Little Rock, Ark., and at Zion Congregation on the West Side, Chicago, before accepting a call to Isaiah Temple, on the South Side. Rabbi Stolz is a director of the Liberal Congress, President of the Illinois Liberal State Union, and holds many positions of influence and distinction in the Jewish Church of the United States. He has been found always on the right side in every good cause and good work, and is a growing power for good in the development of Chicago.

You cannot comprehend the labor question without sympathy. Half the books written by political economists and social economists are impudent—impudent because narrow and bigoted. They have no power to go around the subject, and see it from all sides. The world is possessed with a passion for sneering. But here is a question that finds root in human cravings and no one can be of any real value in solving it who does not have the power of feeling as well as thinking. When a millionaire recently offered a large sum to strikers, they replied: "What we want is not charity, but justice."

The tendency to reduce the number of crimes to be meted with capital punishment has pointed the way to the inevitable abolition of capital punishment altogether. Life grows sacred in these latter days, and it becomes a thing so terrible to put an end to an individual's hope of betterment, that judges and enlightened juries hesitate to inflict the death penalty! The penalty is, even after that, rarely inflicted—so rarely that mob law has asserted its right to get rid of great criminals. Is there not a weakness in the effort to hold on to the death penalty at all? As long as we arrogate the right to kill by the state, and yet seldom do kill, will not the mob law grow more frequent?

We need to make a profound study of power. The power of *war* and the power of *coal*, that is of released solar storage in its most concentrated form, have almost equally tended to concentrate and mass capital. Frederick Harrison says, describing Rome: "This earth has never before or since seen such a prodigious accumulation of all that is beautiful and rare. Power so colossal, centralization so ruthless, luxury so frantic, the world has never seen, and we trust can never see again." This was the power of war.

The power of coal is its only rival. Steam power would never have created the industries of the present century, without that marvelous concentration of solar energy packed into our coal mines. The ability to let that loose has brought about the enormous individualism that characterizes our age. Population has rolled up into vast cities where one hundred years ago was prairie or forest. But it has also accumulated wealth in immense gorges, that have stayed the tide of real prosperity. Some problems have been solved; others are hindered. The change of power from coal and

steam into electricity will revolutionize all phases of society and change the whole tenor of human existence.

Miss Winifred Buck, in *The North American Review*, discussing the proposed Curfew Bell ordinance, gives some new food for thought, showing that in the slum regions of New York where she labors the homes of the children are often a worse school than the street. She points out the weakness of merely prohibitive measures, unaccompanied by constructive efforts, such as the betterment of homes and the forming of evening clubs for entertainment and instruction of the children. It is assuredly true that any city or town that needs the curfew bell, more greatly needs the devotion of earnest and unselfish people toward making better environment for the neglected children, day and night.

It will not be long before our land will be covered with groups of rural inhabitants, living in close familiarity, although locally as far apart as farmers average nowadays. These scattered homes will be linked with telephones and in some cases telegraphs. The people will sit down by the instruments after work at night and hold social intercourse. They will exchange neighborly courtesies, will distribute news, carry on trade, even do their courting by the phone. The only way heretofore to get rid of isolation was to get together in a village. This had its marked disadvantages in the way of health, expense of living and restraints of freedom. This new social grouping will dispense with the village and consequently to a great extent with cities. It will restore the popularity of more homes and of agriculture.

Dr. Cuyler's "letter" to Governor Black of New York, published in a recent number of *The Evangelist*, is a righteously wrathful and fearless rebuke against the governor's alleged violation of civil service reform principles in the appointment of a notoriously unfit man to a position of great responsibility—that of Superintendent of Insurance—presumably as a reward for election services to the governor. Dr. Cuyler quotes Hon. Elihu Root as saying of the appointee: "Louis F. Payn has long been a stench in the nostrils of all good and honest men in the state of New York." Says Dr. Cuyler: "This vitally important matter upon which I write you—and about which tens of thousands of the purest citizens of New York feel just as I do—rises above the region of party politics into the domain of public morality." If more ministers and laymen recognized this fact executives would not dare violate public morality after the fashion denounced by Dr. Cuyler.

In another column we print an extract from a poem of Walter Norton Evans, late of Montreal, Canada, a farewell to his "mountain teacher," his beloved Mount Royal, in whose shadow he had dwelt for many years, and in whose sweet and gracious influences he had shared until he seemed almost to have become a part of their benignities. Now he has passed on, a little beyond our sight and knowledge. Of Welsh descent and English birth, Mr. Evans had taken Montreal to his heart as his adopted home; but his broad sympathies were quick to cross political, denominational and national lines. Closely connected with the liberal movement and all good causes in Montreal, he was a friend and helper of Unity and not seldom reached out a strong hand of fellowship and helpfulness across the distance. He has moved on to a higher citizenship in a more exalted kingdom. Our word of sympathy to the sorrowing family and friends would fain be a word of cheer. We find it in his own lines, another bit of his "Farewell:"

"The shores recede, and the waters wide
The impulse feel of an inward tide
That rolls as a welcome from the ocean:—
As the Spirit comes to the striving soul,
A welcome guide to the longed-for goal,
And far away, with calm delight,
The river with the ocean blends,
Leaving no trace, to mortal sight,
Where ocean rolls and river ends:—
As the soul no severing mark will see
When time blends into eternity."

Whenever, in our time, the Eastern Question has come clamoring for solution at the gates of the nations of Europe, one voice has been heard, ringing true and bold, insisting that Honour, Chivalry, Humanity, are the three quantities that must be added before the hideous X can be eliminated and the equation solved. Mr. Gladstone, the Old Man Glorious, once more has spoken against the infamy of subordinating Christian duty to commercial interest. He has just produced a pamphlet on the Cretan situation, which is logical, vigorous, wonderful as the production of so aged a man. His protest against the concert of the powers is unanswerable.

The Chicago Journal comments on one passage especially suggestive. We quote text and note:

"At this moment two great states are under the government of two young men, one wholly without knowledge and experience, and the other having only such knowledge and experience, in truth, limited enough, as to have excited astonishment and consternation when an inkling of them was given to the world. These, so far as their sentiments are known, are using their power in the concert to fight steadily against freedom."

The 50,000,000 people of Germany waiting upon the word of a crazy young kaiser. The 100,000,000 people of Russia waiting upon the word of a feeble young czar. Think of the full import of that. It seems incredible, preposterous, in these days, and yet it is true. The crazy young kaiser is an absolute monarch whose will is law. If he wants to go to war he will do so, whatever the wishes of the German people may be, and he will make the people follow him. If the feeble young czar's countrymen hold back he will order his officers to use the knout upon them. Their religion has made them sympathizers with the Greeks all through the century, but he may make them fight the Greeks and aid the Moslems.

It remains to be seen whether the instinct of loyalty to the throne, which may become the degraded apathy of subjugation, or the instinct of loyalty to the faith,

which may become the terrible passion of fanaticism, will at last rule the hearts of these people.

Another beautiful old man has spoken unequivocally for freedom and justice. The Pope has written to the Queen Regent of Spain, interceding for Cuba. "As Vicar of the Prince of Peace" he begs her Majesty to grant to Cuba, and also to Puerto Rico, such concessions as will meet the emergency and be in harmony with the spirit of the times. He says, further, that the Cuban troubles are caused entirely by righteous discontent against Spanish rule, and strongly advises Spain to satisfy the lawful desires for liberty.

The Inspiration of the Whale.

The latest dispatches from the East indicate the interesting discovery by the Rev. Lyman Abbott D. D. that Jonah's whale was not inspired. This is important if true. The belated world will devour with more than a usual voracity anything Dr. Abbott has to say upon the scientific or religious aspect of any piscatorial subject, now that the fishing season is about to open. Those, of course, who deny the inspiration of prophet and apostle will not be easily convinced of the inspiration of this eccentric fish. But no one will be bold enough to gainsay the reverend gentleman when he asserts that he cannot swallow anything that could swallow Jonah. Recognizing Dr. Abbott's reputation for scholarship we humbly beg to call his attention to a document he has evidently overlooked. Mr. Munhall, the noted revivalist, has a lecture on the Bible which Mr. Moody declared the best ever delivered on that subject. (This was before Dr. Abbott's late investigation of Jonah.) We commend it to Dr. Abbott. In it is the following passage:

The skeptic objects to the story of Jonah and the whale and relies upon it as his stock in trade to argue that the Bible is even worthless as a literary work, let alone an inspired one. He says that a whale's throat is not big enough to swallow a man. In the first place the Book of Jonah does not say Jonah was swallowed by a whale. The original meaning of the translated word is "great fish" in one case and "marine monster" in another. But experienced whaling captains say that there are whales with throats large enough to swallow a man in a whaling boat. But the authorities on the subject are agreed that this "great fish" was a species of shark, and sharks are known to have swallowed horses. Some of them have mouths thirty feet across, if the finds of sharks' teeth go to prove anything about the animals that lived in the water during Jonah's day. Could they swallow a man? Why, they could take in a trolley car.

Now, we hold it as a self-evident proposition, one which we would scorn to prove by logic or logarithms, that anything that can take in a trolley car can take in a man. We also submit that Jonah couldn't have taken in a trolley car, skeptic that he was, but that there is a man in Chicago who has not only taken in its trolley cars, but almost every desirable street in town; also one city council and one state legislature. Mr. Munhall has not overestimated the voracity of sharks, and Dr. Abbott has not yet gauged human capacity. The human race is as yet upon the threshold of its resplendent possibilities. The world is now awaiting the publication of Dr. Abbott's authorities before it accepts his results, the importance of which, as a contribution to archæology, cannot be overestimated. We will not be satisfied until we are in possession of his data and methods of investigation, and until we know whether the sources of his information are the fossiliferous strata of the earth's crust or the fossiliferous strata of orthodoxy.

Revivals.

The Pacific Coast is once more the scene of a religious sirocco. Since Rev. Mr. Brown made war on Prof. Herron and civilized society made war on Rev. Mr. Brown nothing has occurred so tempestuous as the storm brewed in the ultra-orthodox teapot upon the occasion of President Jordan's criticism of revivals. It remains to be seen what flotsam and jetsam will be cast up against the Golden Gate.

President David Starr Jordan of Stanford University, in the course of a sermon delivered before the Unitarian Society of Berkeley, on "The Sober Mind," was stated by a reporter present to have said: "Stimulants produce temporary insanity; whisky, cocaine and alcohol produce temporary insanity, and so does a revival of religion, one of those religious revivals in which men lose all their reason and self-control. This is simply a form of drunkenness no more worthy of respect than the drunkenness of the gutters."

The occasion seems to have been Mr. Munhall's "revival" services in which the prevailing element was the argument from hell—not any modern emasculated, revised version of that unpopular locality, but one at which Jonathan Edwards himself would have turned pale. Upon President Jordan's criticism a horde of the hyper-orthodox clamored in the pulpits and through the press for his removal from the university. One of the results of the controversy has been the appearance in print of a portion of the admirable letter of Mrs. Stanford, in which, after bestowing additional property to the value of a million dollars upon the university, she pays the following high tribute to President Jordan:

Every year since his installment his superior abilities, his remarkable influence upon the faculty and students, and in return their fidelity and loyalty to him, have filled me with gratitude. That one so able, so scholarly, and yet so approachable to all classes of society, so willing and ready to lecture and aid all institutions throughout the state, many times making self-sacrifices to do so, should be among us, I am sure has caused California at large to feel that my husband was wisely led when he selected him for the position he so ably fills. As for myself, I could say much in his praise, for he has tenderly and manfully helped to lighten my burdens, and assumes the cares and responsibilities of his position without any complaint, fearing to add to my cares. I will only add that my earnest and sincere prayer is that no circumstance may occur to take him from his present position during the years in which the responsibility still rests upon me. And I would like to think his connection with my husband in the past may serve as a link that will bind him to the university for many years to come, when good old age may still find him amid the scenes of dear Palo Alto, blessed and honored by the citizens of California, and the students and graduates that go forth each year to fill their places in life.

If the words attributed to President Jordan were his, which does not appear, it would seem that he has been unnecessarily harsh. But his reference is plainly to those hysterical jumbles of insane proceedings, of which he gives the following account from the letter of a friend:

> During the revival here there has been a great deal of excitement. So-called converts raved in the meetings like lunatics in an asylum, fell on the floor, and one young lady went into trances. In her trances, which sometimes lasted all night, she visited heaven; saw Jesus and a golden crown awaiting her there. In the first one Jesus told her, so she said, that she would die unless a certain young man, named —— —— was "saved." At 3 o'clock in the morning the young man was summoned to the church and prevailed upon to "be converted." The next night she went into a second trance, visited heaven, and Jesus called for —— ——, another young man about town; that he must be saved or she would die. —— —— returned a profane answer. In spite of this failure she is still alive, and has failed in another trance since, in which a third young man had been called.
>
> I believe such things are an abomination. If there is a time in my life that I would recall most gladly, it is when, as a boy, I attempted to make a start toward a better life amid the frenzy and hysterics of a revival of this type.

Yet President Jordan himself would doubtless feel on the whole some revival services have been productive of some enduring good. No matter what we may think of the theological crudities of Mr. Moody, no one can deny that much good has followed his earnest efforts to make men better. The ethical content of his preaching is good. The theological content of his preaching is bad. Mr. Moody is better than his creed. His spirituality is deeper than his intellectuality. And after all, religion is spirituality, not intellectuality. Would it not be worth while for "liberalists" and "negativists," in face of the undeniable fact that Mr. Moody has something they don't want, to inquire seriously whether he has not an element that may be just what someone else needs?

Illiberal Liberalism.

Dr. Carus, in *The Open Court* for January, makes a suggestive distinction which cannot be too seriously considered by the members of the Liberal Congress, as well as the rest of the world. He defines the word "liberal" in two meanings: "Liberal is he who shows a willingness patiently to listen to views which differ from his own and who weighs every opinion impartially and without resorting either to violence or to harsh words." In the second sense, "Liberal," when capitalized is used as a party name to designate those who have cut themselves loose from authority of some kind. . . Thus, Liberalism, as a party name, has come to stand for negativism, and liberal religion is practically used in the sense of looseness of religious conviction." Dr. Carus has not mentioned a third use of the word, which has its synonym in "iconoclasm." In some circles an irresponsible spirit of destruction prevails, assuming the shield of liberalism, which, without reverence and with sheer philistine brutality, "red in tooth and claw," sets out upon a single mission of destruction. The iconoclasm which attempts the destruction of all ancient forms of religious thought or worship is on a par with, or worse than, that vandalism which would destroy the library of Alexandria or the art treasures of the Louvre. The iconoclast takes a stand opposed to that of Pope and declares that "whatever is, is wrong." Now, conservatism, as truly as radicalism, has its uses in society. Civilization cannot fly her kite all tail any more than she can fly her tail all kite. Progress is the resultant of forces, radical and conservative, and the truly liberal man is he who is able to weigh and turn to use the mighty heritage of the past in realizing the possibilities of the future. The iconoclast is not a liberal. He is probably the most illiberal type of bigot in the world, and he is an unmitigated curse to it, simply because he offers nothing but cinders for the temple he has destroyed. Toleration, so-called, which casts its cloak of protection over the iconoclastic spirit of sheer religious vandalism is not toleration, because by so doing it says it is as honorable to destroy as to build. The divine method of evolution is "not to destroy, but to fulfill." Less harmful in some ways than active negativism is passive negativism. There is a certain milk-and-water goody-goodyism which says one religion is as good as another—or as bad; everything is all right—everything is all wrong; nothing could be better—nothing could be worse; it makes no difference what you do here or where you go hereafter; Paul and Nero will occupy adjoining pews in the church of the heavenly remainder, and nothing counts anyhow. This feeble mass of protoplasm which, without spinal column or gray matter, spreads itself out over everything and everybody, calling itself liberal religion, is not liberal religion. It calls itself broad; it may be broad, but is likewise very thin. Such "liberals," so-called, have considered "breadth" the only dimension. So strong has been this tendency that the positive achievements of "liberalism" have been so few and the negative results so many that men from time to time have longed for the old-fashioned eighteenth century Calvinism, even with a blood-thirsty God, a hell with mankind in the gripe of toasting-forks manipulated by "imps chattering their iron teeth;" and for that virile conviction among her combative sons which steps with alacrity into the orthodox arena upon the slightest chance of a theological slugging match. There is provocation for thought in Renan's Preface to "The History of the People of Israel." "The Bible, in its various transformations is, whatever may be said, the great book of consolation for humanity. It is by no means impossible that the world, tired out by the constant bankruptcy of liberalism, will once more become Jewish or Christian." Liberal preaching and teaching lack in affirmations. The liberal church needs a gospel, a definite, concrete, succinct message which the people can understand, which will satisfy their soul-hunger and thirst, a gospel over and above anything creed, council or human opinion can give, a message warm with the breath of the living God. When the liberal church meets the affirmations of dogmatism, not by denials, sneers or abuse, but by the great but simple affirmations of a universal religion, dogmatic theology must close her doors and desert her temples.

Correspondence.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER FROM THE SENIOR EDITOR.

March 7, 1897, 2:30 P. M.
Off Cape St. Vincent, Portugal.

* * We have just passed the outermost point of Portugal, where we caught sight of Europe for the first time. We ran within four or five miles from shore for an hour and then struck out into deep water again. To-morrow morning the captain expects to be at Gibraltar [where this letter was mailed], where we go into port, and the mighty engines will cease for a while their throbbing and we will set foot on land for a brief time. For me, I have had a very comfortable trip. Thanks to bandages, plasters, belt, or "the rest cure," I have scarcely been sick, though I have had some gastric anxiety.

We have about one hundred and twenty saloon passengers, of whom some forty-five are loyal Baptists on a pilgrimage to Palestine, seven or eight of whom are preachers from and around Boston. The company was gotten up by Dr. Lorimer of Boston, who at the last minute found he could not go along.

I came so late that my name did not get on the cabin list, and I was assigned a berth pretty well back, which was compensated for by the fact that I have had it all alone.

We sailed out of New York in fine style with a perfect day overhead. Monday it was still beautiful until 3 p. m., when we struck a snowstorm and began to roll. I went below promptly and went to bed, where I remained until Wednesday noon. Had I not been conscious of a stomach, I doubtless would have been very conscious of nerves, as I always am in these seasons of unreeling. I read at midnight and slept at mid-day during these three days of effective "rest cure." Wednesday afternoon and Thursday were beautifully warm and calm and I spent much of the time on deck getting acquainted with some of the passengers.

Thursday was celebrated as inauguration day. The band headed an improvised procession of citizens who marched around the deck, and there were flags and singing galore. In the evening at supper-time the captain had the dining saloon elegantly draped in the colors of England, Germany and the United States. After dinner there was an unexpected call for speeches. The venerable president of the Baptist Theological School at Newton, Mass., spoke of "Our President." George Cary Egglestone, of the *New York World*, made the inaugural speech. Then I was called out and gave a brief cosmopolitan talk. After the speeches the captain had another surprise. A portion of the upper deck had been inclosed with awnings and decorated with the flags of the world. The band was out and there followed an impromptu dance, in which I successfully appeared in my *role of the Virginia reel.*

Friday from 11 a. m. to 1 p. m. we sailed close to the southern shore of San Miguel, the largest of the Azores; were near enough to see the fields and the men at work. The island is forty-two miles long, has seven thousand inhabitants; chief industry raising pineapples and sweet potatoes. From the latter they manufacture alcohol. It is volcanic. There are several cold craters on mountain tops three thousand feet high, now the beds of freshwater lakes. It was a very refreshing sight to land hungry eyes. Then the captain steamed out, "picking up his course," as he put it, having kindly gone out of the way to give us this experience and observation.

Thursday evening the Palestine party graciously asked me to preach Sunday morning and read a bit of Robert Browning Friday evening.

Sunday, 11 a. m., had a good audience. One of the Baptist brethren conducted the services and I talked about the growing Unity, which all seemed to approve.

The *Literary Digest* for March 20, gives the following summary of Grant Allen's comparison, in the *Fortnightly Review*, of Darwin and Spencer. He says:

"If I were to sum up the positions of these two great thinkers, Darwin and Spencer, the experimentalist and generalizer, the observer and the philosopher, in a single paragraph each, I should be tempted to do it in somewhat the following fashion:

"Darwin came at a moment when human thought was trembling on the verge of a new flight toward undiscovered regions. Kant and Laplace and Murchison and Lyell had already applied the evolutionary idea to the genesis of suns and systems, of continents and mountains. Lamarck had already suggested the notion that similar conceptions might be equally applied to the genesis of plant and animal species. . . . . Darwin presented himself at the right moment —a deeply learned and well-equipped biological scholar, a minute specialist as compared with Spencer, a broad generalizer as compared with the botanists, entomologists and ornithologists of his time. He filled the gap. As regards thinkers, he gave them a key which helped them to understand organic evolution; as regards the world at large, he supplied them with a codex which convinced them at once of its historical truth.

"Herbert Spencer is a philosopher of a wider range. All knowledge is his province. A believer in organic evolution before Darwin published his epoch-making work, he accepted at once Darwin's useful idea, and incorporated it as a minor part in its fitting place in his own system. But that system itself, alike in its conception and its inception, was both independent of and anterior to Darwin's first pronouncement. It certainly covered a vast world of thought which Darwin never even attempted to enter. To Herbert Spencer, Darwin was even as Kant, Laplace and Lyell—a laborer in a special field, who produced results which fell at once into their proper order in his wider synthesis. As sculptors, they carved out shapely stones, from which he, as architect, built his majestic fabric. The total philosophic concept of evolution as a cosmical process —one and continuous, from nebula to man, from star to soul, from atom to society—we owe to Herbert Spencer himself, and to him alone, using a material the final results of innumerable preceding workers and thinkers."

"It is not because of his toils that I lament for the poor; we must all toil, or steal (howsoever we name our stealing), which is worse; no faithful workman finds his task a pastime. The poor is hungry and athirst; but for him also there is food and drink; he is heavy-laden and weary; but for him also the Heavens send Sleep, and of the deepest; in his smoky cribs, a clear dewy heaven of Rest envelopes him, and fitful glitterings of cloud-skirted Dreams. But what I do mourn over is, that the lamp of his soul should go out; that no ray of heavenly, or even of earthly, knowledge should visit him; but only, in the haggard darkness, like two spectres, Fear and Indignation bear him company.—*Carlyle.*

The Liberal Congress.

Hospitable to All Forms of Thought: Everyone Responsible for His Own.

Unity.

Heaven's light is one,
Albeit the chemic skies
Above our earthen eyes
Dissolve to iris dyes
The falling sun.

And Faith is one,
Though many gods there be
Whereto credulity
Hath traced the Mystery
Disclosed of none.

Yea, Life is one:
Though now each separate soul
Doth deem itself a whole,
Like streams that seaward roll,
Lives Godward run.

And Toil is one:
Hope nerves the many hands
With wills that are but strands
Which Fate's wide weaving bands
To unison.

Lo, all is one!
The prismic human eye
Breaks up the Mystery,
To many an entity
God looks not on!

Dreams and deeds done,
All things that thought hath won
Or sense takes hold upon—
The past and unbegun—
Are God's great One.

CHARLES A. LANE.

Democratic Education.

II.

The conditions of democracy require an education that shall be directed to the equipment of the individual in respect of his self-sovereignty on the one hand and of his socialization on the other hand. The individual, who shall be fitted to live in a democratic community, must be taught first to control himself as a simple separate person, then to govern his conduct with reference to his place in the social system. Neither phase of his character can be neglected; he must be at once individualized and socialized. One means, however, serves both ends—namely, self-realization. By the realization and continual enlargement of the self the individual comes to include the multitude and his right becomes their right and his law their law. A genuine federation of men is not to be accomplished by the written agreement of lawyers but only through the identification in ideas and interests of the separate members of the groups and communities. A perfect democracy is possible only with persons completely developed in every aspect of personality and able therefore to substitute an inner for an outer bond of union. Create great individuals, the rest follows. One farther function of education, beside disciplining the mind and training the senses, is to assist the individual to realize himself through the means of self-activity and self-creation. Man has something to know, something to receive, but also something to express. Neglect hitherto has been in respect of expression. The educational watchword of a former generation—the generation of mathematics and the classics—was *discipline*. The watchwords of the present generation—the generation of science—have been *observation* and *apperception*. The sign of the coming generation—the generation of the arts—is *conception*. The need of the hour is education by execution, by creation, by modes of self-realization. By such modes alone personality is extended and the individual rounded full circle. I am confident that the growth of democracy will compel a shifting of the present ground of education and a readjustment of studies with reference to a social need, and I believe that the arts are destined to form the central group of studies and to give the method to the whole system as formerly the grouping and method were determined by the classics and recently by the sciences.

The content of the arts is idea or personality; their method is self-activity. Given conception and the realization of that conception in art forms involves creation through self-determined activity. The peculiarity of art is that it is in part a discipline, in part the result of observation and experience, but in largest part a creation, the objectification of feeling or idea.

Music is the type of the creative arts. Music is free creation, without reference to natural forms and therefore not a product of sense development but altogether artificial and conventional, the sole creation of the inner being. It exposes the very motions of the soul and is the personality in the barest guise. A musical idea has two elements, melody and harmony, each of which must first be conceived and displayed in the musical consciousness and then developed from within outward. And the working out of these conceptions from consciousness to form gives the best type of conceptive development.

The plastic arts are conceptive in depelopment but depend more upon imitation. Architecture, however, is more like music, an art of idea. Painting takes its rise both in idea and in nature. It is therefore at once creative and imitative. But painting may be employed in education by making primary the exhibition of the self and letting the form occupy a subordinate place, as indeed it does in the best art.

Literature, having language as its medium, furnishes the best means of self-expression. Literature serves not only the ends of creation but in its recorded forms affords the finest exercise for the creative imagination, in interpretation. Fiction, for instance, is condensed human experience. It records motives, displays the operation of cause and effect, analyzes character, portrays actual or ideal states of society. To read fiction with sympathy is to enter into the history of the world and repeat the processes of the mind. To the development of personality literature must so be presented that a vital experience results from the contact rather than an empty form of knowledge to encumber the memory. The democratization of literature, in its receptive or interpretive side, means its use as an energizing and creative power.

Democracy then presents to the individual a new ideal of culture, establishes a new relationship between the school and society, and, in its growth promises to displace the disciplinary studies and methods by the introduction of a new subject matter and a new method that approximates the play-principle of the creative artist.

OSCAR LOVELL TRIGGS.

Joy Cometh With the Morning.

Out of the dreams and the dust of ages,
Hindu reverie, Hebrew boy,
Deeds of heroes and lore of sages,
Comes the hope that turns earth to joy.

But the rosy light of the morning teaches
A blither knowledge than books can tell,
And the song that runs through the orchard preaches
The ceaseless message that all is well.

Hark to the lesson that Nature meaneth!
List to the breeze on the pine-clad hill!
See, the sun-rays stream to the zenith!
Thrice the oriole whistles shrill.

Myriad odors are faint and tender,
Sweet notes come from the woodlands far;
Draw fresh life from the day's new splendor,
Pluck thy hope from the morning star.

—*Thomas Wentworth Higginson.*

Anthropological Notes.

The Central American Exposition: On March 15 *The First Central American Exposition of Guatemala* was to open. While the exposition is truly international its greatest interest will be in the display of the resources and industries of the Central American states. The Guatemalan government has been liberal in supporting the enterprise; the city of Guatemala, where the exposition is held is a handsome and cosmopolitan capital; the arrangement of the grounds and buildings is striking and beautiful. There should be a large attendance of visitors from the United States. The Republic of Guatemala is the most advanced and populous of the Central American countries. Its population exceeds that of Salvador, Costa Rica and Honduras combined: it is near four times that of Nicaragua. In area it is exceeded only by Nicaragua. Twenty-three native languages are spoken within its limits by a population largely Indian. In the northern half of the ancient languages, dress and customs still largely prevail. President Barrios proposes that representatives of each of the tribes, dressed in native garments, with their aboriginal musical instruments, and with products of the native industries, shall be brought together at the Exposition, as a special feature. As the physical types among these tribes differ greatly and the costumes are distinctive this exhibit will be of great interest. While all the Central American states are likely to take an active part in the Exposition Costa Rica seems particularly interested. Costa Rica has an excellent record behind it, in the way of exhibits. It has participated in the expositions of 1862 (London), 1867 (Paris), 1869 (Chili), 1884 (New Orleans), 1889 (Paris), 1892 (Madrid), 1893 (Chicago), 1895 (Atlanta). At Madrid it attracted universal attention; at Chicago, its archæological display was the most comprehensive and best arranged from any foreign country; at Atlanta its coffee house and beautiful panoramic exhibition were striking features. It is now straining every resource to do itself full credit at Guatemala. While the exposition is more likely to be liberally attended by Europeans than by our own countrymen, many Americans should be there. Scenery in Guatemala is grand and magnificent; means of travel are easy; expenses are small; the city itself is handsome and cosmopolitan; the summer climate is delightful and healthful.

Aerolites and Religion: About 1890 Prof. Newton of Yale College delivered an interesting lecture upon "*The Worship of Meteorites.*" So far as we know it has not been printed. In May 1895 Mr. Arthur Harvey read a paper before the Royal Society of Canada, upon "*Aerolites and Religion.*" This paper has just been printed. The athor believes that the stone which, according to grecian fable, was given Chronos to eat was aërolite. According to Pausanias this stone was preserved at Delphi. The famous image of Diana at Ephesus was almost certainly a meteorite. In Arabia stone worship has long existed and some of these sacred stones were probably meteoric. The *Kaabah* itself owes much of its sanctity to the "black stone," of which Sir Richard Benton said: "It appears to me to be a common aërolite, covered with a thick slaggy coating, glossy and pitch-like, worn and polished." Harvey thinks the worship of aërolites at Rome came from the East and gives the history of two famous specimens that went from the Orient to the Eternal City. Regarding one of these he says:

"It was worshipped with divine honor by the natives of the locality, while neighboring kings and satraps sent annual presents of gold and silver and precious stones to adorn the great temple in which it was housed. At the beginning of the third century A. D., this god-mountain, El Gabal, was being served by a handsome lad of some fourteen summers, with dances and the music of cymbals, flutes and drums, the young priest being arrayed in richly embroidered garments of cloth of gold. * * * * The stone was cone-shaped, probably like an old-fashioned sugar-loaf. It stood on the round end and tapered to a point. It had upon its surface small bumps and indentations. Its crust was black. There were marks upon it which were thought to indicate the figure of a god." The youthful priest was proclaimed emperor and with the stone itself, was removed to Rome. The story of their reception, treatment and fate reads like a romance. Even now a stone falling from heaven is frequently sacred. Garner stated to Harvey that, in an African village he saw two stones of the size of hens' eggs, that were treasured. "The natives said they had been shot out from the sun. * * They thought the stones had been alive, and because they still made fire, when struck together they thought they were not dead yet, but were in a sort of trance. So they built a house for them and guarded them with care." Stones falling in India in 1857 were immediately worshipped: "Some supposed they were gods that had fallen." In America we find the same awe with regard to stones that have fallen from the sky or that are supposed to have done so. Harvey describes a true meteorite in Canada, which was reverenced by Indians. Among the old Mexicans aërolites were held divine and one was kept on the summit of the great temple pyramid at Cholula. Mr. Harvey apparently does not know of the sacred "moonstone" lying between the city of Mexico and Toluca. It is not truly a meteorite but the Indians believe it such and declare that it fell from the moon. It is a gigantic boulder-like mass of crystalline rock. Upon its somewhat exposed under surface are rude paintings in white. To this day the neighboring Indians make little offerings and show respect to this stone.

The Pitt-Rivers Museum at Oxford, England. Mr. Balfour's report of the progress of this museum for 1894-5 is at hand. The museum is devoted to illustrating progress in all arts and industries of man from savagery to civilization. The development of single ideas and individual lines of progress are shown in detail. The Museum began with a collection made by Col. Lane Fox, (now Gen. Pitt-Rivers), to show the development of fire-arms. The Museum has recently gained many accessions among the most important of which are a series of objects from the Solomon Islands and from Burmah. Of work recently done some deserves mention. Two series of specimens have been arranged to show the use of *Animal-forms in art* and of the *human-form in savage art.* Very interesting are two series recently rearranged one of which illustrates *smoking appliances, stimulants and narcotics* of the world, the other *lighting appliances* beginning with the fire-sticks and drills of savages, and passing up to those of civilization. One important work of the museum is the preparation of "distribution maps" showing the geographical range of given arts, industries, customs or ideas. Mr. Balfour also gives courses of lectures at the museum, making use of the material for illustration. His last course was upon *Primitive Musical Instruments,* especially considered in their relation to the early development of higher forms."

FREDERICK STARR.

The President's Message.

The new president is now at work with his new Congress. The message was a plain business statement of our national condition. It shows that we are running behind in our annual expenses about $40,000,000 a year. It does *not* show that our national expenditures, before the war of 1860, were less than $60,000,000 a year; and now they are seven times that, or $435,000,000. Nor does it show that in this period tariffs have gone up from a basis of 20 per cent. to 40 and 60 per cent. Nor does it show that our tramps have gone up from none to one million, and another million of the like sort ready for trampism. Nor does it show that our millionaires have gone up from six to over four thousand. Nor does it show that in the same period our agriculture has dropped in ratio to manufactures 50 per cent. Nor does it show that our manufactures are clogged with overproduction, compelling the formation of trusts. Nor does it show that in the same time tenant

farming has increased so that exactly forty-eight more such years will turn our whole farming population into tenants. Nor does it show that our commercial marine, which before 1860 was almost exactly equal to that of England, has gone down to less than half what it was in our colonial days. Nor does it show that our government expenses have increased one hundred and fifty millions in ten years; that at this rate of increase, which is fifteen millions a year, our expenses will in 1900 be sixty millions greater, or about five hundred millions annually; and in 1920 eight hundred millions, and in 1935 will be 1,000 millions. The message proposes to spread another forty millions of indirect taxes over the country, to cover present deficits. The American people wish to look deeper. They wish to know how to readjust our financial system and reduce expenditures. We are now in a desperate state. Simply to increase taxation, direct or indirect, will not be anything more than a temporary relief. We are straining popular government to its utmost. Will we be able to leave to our children a Republic, or will it be a land of oligarchy?

E. P. POWELL.

Reliable Knowledge.

The growing complexity of civilized life demands with each age broader and more exact knowledge as to the material surroundings and greater precision in our recognition of the invisible forces or tendencies about us. We are in the hands of the Fates, and the greater our activities the more evident become these limiting conditions. The secret of power with man is to know its limitations. To this end we need constantly new accessions of truth as to the universe and better definition of the truths which are old. Such knowledge, tested and placed in order, we call science. Science is the gathered wisdom of the race. Only a part of it can be grasped by any one man. Each must enter into the work of others. Science is the flower of the altruism of the ages, by which nothing that lives "liveth for itself alone." The recognition of facts and laws is the province of science. We only know what lies about us from our own experience and that of others, this experience of others being translated into terms of our own experience and more or less perfectly blended with it. We can find the meaning of phenomena only from our reasoning based on these experiences. All knowledge we can attain or hope to attain must, in so far as it is knowledge at all, be stated in terms of human experience. The laws of Nature are not the products of science. They are the human glimpses of that which is the "law before all time."

Thus human experience is the foundation of all knowledge. Even innate ideas, if such ideas exist, are derived in some way from knowledge possessed by our ancestors, as innate impulses to action are related to ancestral needs for action.—*From the Stability of Truth, by David Starr Jordan, in Appleton's Popular Science Monthly, for March.*

Good Advice.

In one of Dr. Burton's Yale lectures the following advice was given to the young ministers: "When trouble is brewing, keep still. When slander is getting on its legs, keep still. When your feelings are hurt, keep still, till you recover from your excitement at any rate. Things look differently through an unagitated eye. In a commotion once I wrote a letter and sent it, and wished I had not. In my later years I had another commotion, and wrote a long letter; but life had rubbed a little sense into me, and I kept that letter in my pocket against the day when I could look it over without agitation and without tears. I was glad I did. Silence is the most massive thing conceivable sometimes. It is strength in its very grandeur. It is like a regiment ordered to stand still in the mid-fury of battle. To plunge in were twice as easy. The tongue has unsettled more ministers than small salaries ever did, or lack of ability."

To Mount Royal.

Farewell, old Mountain! From thy wood-crown'd heights
I bear away a deeper, dearer sense
Of "God-with-me" than e'er I knew before.
Mounts of Transfiguration still there are,
That lift us far above the influence
Of time and sense, and bring us nearer heaven;
And such thou art to me.—When in the valley
We feel our limitations, grieve, and fret;
And then, in wild despair, look to the hills;
For there are wisdom, strength, and boundless love.
Thou blessed mountain-teacher, fare-thee-well!

—*Walter Norton Evans.*

St. Savior's and Its Records.

I.

St. Savior's Church, once known as St. Marie Overie—St. Mary-over-the Rie—that is over the water, is second only to Westminster Abbey among the fine mediæval buildings in London. It is not far from the Thames on the southward side of the water and very near to London Bridge, which it antedates. Long before the Conquest, upon this spot, there stood a House of Sisters, who enjoyed the profits of a "cross ferry over the Thames there kept before that any bridge was builded." This church has a record of more than a thousand years interwoven with much that is interesting in history, literature and legend. St. Luithun converted the Sisters Home into a College of Priests. It afterward became a monastery, and through a period of over four hundred years—from 1106 to 1520—experienced several rebuildings and several ruinous calamities. After a long period of decay it was taken down in 1838. The result was that many precious remains of early Norman work were shamelessly broken up and scattered. In 1540 the Priory Church of St. Mary Overie changed owners and assumed its present name, St. Savior.

In turning over the register of births and deaths belonging to this church one is repeatedly impressed that he is reading a condensed history of dramatic literature in England. One might feel that Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger, Edmund and William Shakespeare would form a sufficiently brilliant constellation for one such cathedral to house, but other names of almost equal fame are connected with this historic pile.

Beaumont and Fletcher lived and worked together in this parish on Bankside. In their fame they are indissolubly connected but in their deaths they were divided. Fletcher sleeps in St. Savior, while Westminster has the honor of sheltering Beaumont. The gentle Massinger rests here with a record strangely brief and touching—"Philip Massinger, Stranger." The story of his life is full of shadows. Poverty, the debtor's prison, the persecutions of that Puritanism which sought to suppress the stage were his portion. "He had instructed others in the 'New Way to Pay Old Debts,' but he himself, poor fellow, had to trust for his own discharge to that old, old way, through the valley of the shadow wherein all human claims are canceled and the burden of penury laid down." Misfortunes followed him even beyond his death. Several of his manuscript plays were utilized by a cook in covering her pies in order to save her master the cost of more valuable brown paper. It is pleasant to be assured by the records that Massinger had his heart's desire granted, in that his body rested in the same grave with his dear friend Fletcher.

Edmund Shakespeare lived and died in Bankside and was borne thence to St. Savior's for burial. The entry in the parish record reads thus: "Edmund Shakespeare, a player; in the Church." The parochial monthly accounts reads: "1607, December 31, Edmund Shakespeare, player, buried in ye Church, with a forenoon knell of the great bell . . . 20s." His great brother, it is believed, defrayed these charges. William Shakespeare was known to have lived near the Bear Garden in Southwark, and held shares in

the most famous theater in the world—"The Globe." This building was in Bankside. It lives only in our memories, but on its site, very close to St. Savior, where it is reasonable to suppose William Shakespeare once worshiped,—there now stands the extensive brewery of Barclay Perkins & Co.

In this same church there is a monument to William Emerson, whose descendants have been liberal benefactors to the poor, their bounty having been continuous since 1620. Ralph Waldo Emerson is supposed to have sprung from this good Southwark stock. About John Harvard's connection with this edifice there is no doubt. His ancestry has been traced directly to the parish registry in this same St. Savior's, though for a long time those who were searching for such proof were confused by the diverse spellings of the name. The same family name appeared under the differing spellings of Harverd, Harvey, Harwood and Harvye. Orthography in those days was a matter of individual taste and each parish clerk was a law unto himself. John Harvard's residence is identified by the token book belonging to the parish. This custom of distributing tokens, small circular pieces of lead stamped with a device to all persons above sixteen years of age in the parish, was a summons to attend the Holy Communion. When this obligation was fulfilled the token was delivered up to the church authorities. To our age it would seem hardly possible that this sacred service would be especially helpful when performed under compulsion.

M. H. P.

The Ring and The Book.

On a bookstall in Florence Browning found in June, 1865, a square vellum-covered book, part print, part manuscript, containing the account of a murder trial, which occupied the Roman Courts in 1698, and, bound up with the report, two letters commenting on the case, as well as the "Instrument of the definitive sentence" by which the Pope established the innocence of the murdered wife. The crude facts of the case contain all the elements of deepest human passion, while the manner of their happening places them in a singular way at the disposal of different classes of people who regard crime from various standpoints, and accordingly explain its motives in various ways.

The ghastly story is as follows: A certain Count Guido Franceschini, aged forty-six, having married Pompilia Comparini, a girl of the bourgeois class, aged thirteen, took her to his palace at Arezzo. At the end of four years she ran away in company with a priest, Canon Caponsacchi. The Count pursued the couple and overtook them at Castelnuovo. He found the priest in the courtyard of the inn dressed as a cavalier, but, instead of attempting to exact satisfaction with his sword, he consigned both the priest and the wife to the police. They were brought before the Roman Courts—the wife was sent to a Convent of the Convertities, the priest relegated to Civita Vecchia. Some months later Pompilia was allowed to return to the house of her reputed parents, the Comparini, where she gave birth to a son.

A fortnight after this event, Franceschini brought to Rome four young peasants from his property, and concealed the party in a villa belonging to his brother, Abate Paolo. On January 2, 1698, an hour after sunset, he went with his accomplices to the Comparini's house. Two of the peasants were left at the gate, while a third was told to knock at the house door and say that he brought a letter from Caponsacchi. As soon as the door was opened Franceschini and his two assistants sprang into the house and despatched the old couple. Pompilia was then stabbed by her husband twenty-two times with a Genoese dagger, notched at the edge. He asked his assistant if she were "really dead," and, being assured that she was, replied: "Let us lose no time, but return to the vineyard." Pompilia was not dead, however. She survived for four days, was able to place the police on the track of the assassins, and to give her own account of her relations with Franceschini and of the circumstances which led to her elopement.

These are the crude facts of the case; now for the explanation of the title of the work of which they form the basis. It is a happy conceit of the poet's—his comparison of the writing of a book to the making of a ring. Before the gold will "bear the file's tooth and the hammer's tap," the goldsmith "mingles gold with gold's alloy, and, duly tempering both, effects a manageable mass." The moulding finished:

> Just a spirt o' the proper fiery acid o'er its face,
> And forth the alloy unfastened flies in fume;
> Now, as the ingot, ere the ring was forged,
> Lay gold (beseech you, hold that figure fast!),

"So in this book lay absolutely truth, Fanciless fact . . . thence bit by bit I dug The ingot truth, that memorable day, Assayed and knew my piecemeal gain was gold;" then added "something else surpassing that, Something of mine which, mixed up with the mass, Made it bear hammer and be firm to file. Fancy with fact, is just one fact the more."

The poem was not commenced until sometime after the square old yellow book was found. For six months Browning pondered over the method to be adopted in presenting the story, until, eventually, he decided upon a plan, entirely unique, which involved one of the most colossal undertakings in the history of literature.—*Alexander Hill, in the National Home-Reading Union Magazine.*

Around the shores of Lake Superior rocks lie so thick that all vegetation is stunted. A bit of sickly moss grows here and there, or a spindling pine. No rich grain or blushing fruitage waves about those barren boulders. When I went to the ocean I found that the rock was the dread of every sailor who set his prow in the deep. It meant shipwreck and destruction. From the shores of Buzzard's Bay they showed me huge rocks projecting far out that were covered with barnacles, and they related a story of three young men whose pleasure boat had capsized and who clung to those barnacled rocks, that afforded no help, but lacerated their clinging hands until the black waves swept them down. Thus does the rock of an ultra conservatism gather barnacles that cut the hands clinging for help until the black waves of utter negation and unbelief sweep appealing souls into the abyss. But the rock, after all, is not immovable, is not impregnable. It must give way when it stands across the pathway of human progress. If it obstructs the channel of a harbor it is lifted into the air by the giant forces of our closing century, that ships may pass. If it obstructs the course of a railway it is hurled aside that the road may be built. So, whatever rock obstructs the highways of God's new thought and life shall be shaken and shattered by the still stronger forces of reason and of love, that the chariot of Jehovah may sweep forward on its resistless course.—*Rev. Marion Shutter.*

Ministers ought to announce the primaries just as they do the prayer meeting; rather forget the prayer meeting for one week than the primary; for there are fifty other chances at the prayer meeting through the year, but no other chance at the primary. The primary means the country, means patriotism; who will dare to say that is not one of the chief duties?

Mothers, wives, daughters, ought to lay their hands on the men's shoulders and say, "Now go vote at the primary;" just as their mothers put the old musket in the men's hands in the Revolution.

And above all we need a genuine revival of religion; not one that consists in queer doctrines, and correspondingly queer emotions, but one that will make men fear God and do a good day's work, and pay all their debts, and be chaste and sober, and love their country enough to go to the primary; in short, a good deal like the ten commandments and the Sermon on the Mount, all in the light of Calvary and the love of God.—*The Church Union.*

The Word of the Spirit.

"Get thee up into the high mountain; lift up thy voice with strength: be not afraid!"

What Can We Do Together?

ESSAY READ BEFORE THE CONGRESS OF LIBERAL RELIGIOUS SOCIETIES AT INDIANAPOLIS, NOV. 18, 1896, BY RABBI JOSEPH STOLZ.

I have been called upon to answer this question in public meeting, this, the fourth time, presumably because I did not strike it right the other three times. Well, I shall try it again, upon the sole condition, however, that hereafter the job of cracking this nut be assigned to one who has harder teeth and a tougher jaw than I have. I shall not repeat what I said on former occasions regarding this question, which must, of necessity, come up for consideration again and again until we see clearly in our own minds just what it is we can and ought to accomplish by means of this organization, which, whether numerically strong or not, is born out of the spirit of the times, and is expressive of the best thought and most prophetic tendencies of the age; and thus panoplied, ought by rights to exert a thrice-hallowed influence upon this and coming generations.

There are many things we might do together; but this morning I want to confine myself to a brief consideration of one wholesome result that, in my opinion, can be achieved if the liberal-minded men and women representing different phases and historical developments of religious thought, will but come together and hold together in the name of religion.

The tendencies of our age are decidedly liberal, but the orthodox churches are more aggressive and numerically stronger, and the impression prevails among ever so many people that if they cannot subscribe literally to every article of the old creed, if they cannot think about the Bible and religious forms and practices in the precise way their fathers did, they are outside the pale of religion. Here and there single churches freely espoused the new thought. Here and there, without evasion, fear or equivocation, single voices called out into the wilderness their freedom from ecclesiastical trammels; but the public at large looked upon these churches and their prophets as heretics and schismatics, and not as true and loyal spokesmen of religion; and the consequence is that many of the most intelligent spirits, many of the choicest souls and noblest characters in our country, have not kept in touch with the church, and have grown indifferent or hostile to the cause of religion. They have deprived themselves of the uplifting power of divine worship and the inspiration of religious aspirations and religious service, and they have robbed religion of the blessing of their presence, their co-operation, their personality, their intelligence, their progressiveness.

Here, then, we have a reason why the liberal religious forces of our country should unite, because here we have a work which needs to be done and which all together can do with an authority and an effectiveness altogether beyond the power of a single man, a single church or even a single denomination, viz., the work of reclaiming into the service of religion those who deserted the old standards because they supposed they were so liberal that they had outgrown religion and were way beyond it.

If we stand alone we dissipate our energy and make at best but a feeble charge against the indifference, the materialism, the dogmatism of our age; if we stand together our teachings go forth with the authority of many different minds, the earnestness of united effort, the enthusiasm of numbers. Orthodoxy backs up its claims with a solid phalanx. The world thinks theirs is the sole authority to speak for religion. Let us also organize; let Unitarians, Universalists, Jews, Independents, unite and show the real strength of liberal religious thought in this country, and beyond question an importance and weight will be attached to our words that will go far in shaping the religious thinking of the present and the future. We may, yes, we must, continue to work within our respective denominations to lift them up. As President Schurman of Cornell said: "How is the divinely ordained education of the human race to be achieved if the children of light mass their torches and leave their less-favored brethren in absolute darkness?" But why not at the same time strengthen each other's hands, lengthen each other's voices through this annual national convocation, through independent state conventions like the one in Illinois, through a publication like THE NEW UNITY, through a quarterly like the *New World*, through a systematic exchange of pulpits, through union services on national holidays, etc.? As the megaphone carried to Mr. McKinley and the different cities of the country the hurrahs of the 75,000 men that on Chicago day marched in procession through the streets of that metropolis, we need a megaphone to concentrate our messages and carry them through the length and breadth of the land.

Over against the shallow speculations, the absurd assumptions and ignorant assertions that are so popular in our day, we want to explain with a mighty voice that religion is not a fraud, the selfish device of priests and parsons, the mere organ of dogmas whose decline churches cannot outlive; it is deeply rooted in the necessities of human nature. We want to tell men that their tirade against theology is a foolish prejudice. The divorce of creed and deed is bad; the making salvation depend upon the intellectual assent to refinements and niceties of doctrine, ontological speculations and metaphysical theories, is bad; but theology is the philosophy of religion. So long as religion endures, there must be theology; for religion rests on beliefs concerning God; and theology is simply the formulation of those beliefs and their justification to reason; wherefore a tirade against theology is as ridiculous as would be a tirade against Kant's Critique of Pure Reason. We want to tell men that morality is inseparable from religion; that a world without God is unthinkable; that an unknown God is no God at all; that as far as history bears testimony, the periods of skepticism and atheism have been periods of immorality, and that the revivals of morality which followed such periods have been revivals of religious faith under the leadership of reformers who have had invincible faith in God, have threatened divine judgment on wickedness, and have proclaimed God's holy law. We want to explain that science and religion are not in conflict, that science cannot crowd religion out, that science, in fact, cannot get on without religion. The last word of science is the first word of religion. Science says "how," religion says "whence and why?" Science ends with the conclusion there is a God and religion says on the first page of the Bible, "in the beginning God—." We want to explain that, though the Bible is the greatest of all books, it is yet the literature of a nation, and must be read and studied by the standards of literature.

Now, is there any earthly reason why we cannot do this and similar educational work together, even though we remain within our respective denominations? There is no McKinley tariff on ideas. They may cross boundary lines without going through the custom-house. They may bear national labels and be colored by temporal and local idiosyncrasies, but the truth cannot be confined within national or denominational boundaries. The Old Testament is intensely Hebrew in sentiment as well as language, yet it has passed every frontier. Plato and Aristotle are Greek to the core, yet they have nowhere been refused admission. Frederic Harrison has shown that those who made the French Revolution belonged to no special class and no single country. In the two generations preceding 1789 such Englishmen as Bolingbroke, Hume, Adam Smith, Priestley, Bentham; such Americans as Franklin, Washington and Jefferson; such Italians as Beccaria and Galliani; such Germans as Lessing, Goethe, Frederick the Great and Joseph II influenced it as much as did Voltaire,

Montesquieu, Turgot, Diderot and Condorcet and the other French thinkers who are specially associated in our minds with the French Revolution.

Supposing, then, that our truths do wear the complexion of our individuality, let them find a strong, earnest, enthusiastic utterance and they will become a powerful leaven in our land. During the last national campaign, we saw what could be accomplished when men felt they had a common aim, and then with intensity of purpose seized hold of it. Let us be swayed by as firm a conviction that there are some things we can do together, and the future is ours. What if we cannot see clearly to the very end. Paulsen said: "A nation does not design its life and then complete it according to a plan; its life is gradually unfolded, unknown to the people themselves. The retrospective historian is the first to see unity and harmony in it." It was a long time before the Hebrew nation understood why it was God's chosen people. But God knew it, and some inspired seers thought they divined His purpose. At last the historian made it clear how all those centuries, unbeknown to themselves, they had been playing a large, an important, a definite part, in the great drama of humanity, because they had felt they were the chosen people. So is it with this Congress of Liberal Religions. We may not know precisely what we are here for; but if we have the conviction that there is a need for us, that there is a great work we can accomplish, that there are certain things that ought to be done just now; and if we live up to this conviction, we may safely intrust the rest to God.

Education and Heredity.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT ALL SOULS CHURCH, AUGUST 12, 1894, BY LEVI A. ELIEL.

The Greek poet Æschylos, who lived in the fifth century before the Christian era, embodied a great scientific and historic truth in his tragedy "Prometheus Bound." The Titan, whose name signifies Forethought, is chained to lofty crags, because he stole from Zeus "the bright glory of fire, that all arts spring from," and bestowed it on mortal man. The significance of Prometheus' act is emphasized in many passages, as:

> "For thou, a God not fearing wrath of Gods,
> In thy transgression gav'st their power to man."

Again:

> "In fennel stalk
> I snatched the hidden spring of stolen fire,
> Which is to men a teacher of all arts.
> Their chief resource."

And:

> "But of mortal men
> He took no heed, but purposed utterly
> To crush their race and plant another new;
> And, I excepted, none dared cross his will;
> But I did dare, and mortal man I freed
> From passing on to Hades thunder-stricken."

Finally, in one of the most remarkable speeches in literature:

> "But those woes of men,
> List ye to them;—how they, before as babes,
> By me were roused to reason, taught to think;
> And this I say, not finding fault with men,
> But showing my good will in all I gave.
> For first, though seeing, all in vain they saw,
> And hearing, heard not rightly. But, like forms
> Of phantom dreams, throughout their life's whole length
> They muddled all at random; did not know
> Houses of brick that catch the sunlight's warmth,
> Nor yet the work of carpentry. They dwelt
> In hollowed holes, like swarms of tiny ants,
> In sunless depths of caverns; and they had
> No certain signs of winter, nor of spring
> Flower-laden, nor of summer with her fruits;
> But without counsel fared their whole life long,
> Until I showed the risings of the stars,
> And settings hard to recognize. And I
> Found Numbers for them, chief device of all,
> Groupings of letters, Memory's handmaid that,
> And mother of the Muses. And I first
> Bound in the yoke wild steeds, submissive made
> Or to the collar or men's limbs, that so
> They might in man's place bear his greatest toils;
> And horses trained to love the rein I yoked
> To chariots, glory of wealth's pride of state;
> Nor was it any one but I that found
> Sea-crossing, canvas-winged cars of ships;
> Such rare designs inventing (wretched me)
> For mortal man. * * *
> * * * If any one fell ill,
> There was no help for him, nor healing food,
> Nor unguent, nor yet potion; but for want
> Of drugs they wasted, till I showed to them
> The blendings of all mild medicaments,
> Wherewith they ward the attacks of sickness sore.
> I gave them many modes of prophecy;
> And I first taught them what dreams needs must prove
> True visions, and made known the ominous sounds
> Full hard to know; and tokens by the way,
> And flights of taloned birds I clearly marked,—
> Those on the right propitious to mankind,
> And those sinister,—and what forms of life
> They each maintain, and what their enmities
> Each with the other, and their loves and friendships;
> And of the inward parts the plumpness smooth,
> And with what colour they the Gods would please,
> And the streaked comeliness of gall and liver;
> And with burnt limbs enwrapt in fat, and chine,
> I led men on to art full difficult:
> And I gave eyes to omens drawn from fire,
> 'Till then dim visioned. So far then for this.
> And 'neath the earth the hidden boons for men,
> Bronze, iron, silver, gold, who else could say
> That he, ere I did, found them? None, I know,
> Unless he fain would babble idle words.
> In one short word, then, learn the truth condensed,—
> All arts of mortals from Prometheus spring."

We have here an epitome of the early history of civilization, and a theory of its origin and progress. Man, a weak and wretched animal, wages a losing battle against Nature, and is pushed to the verge of complete annihilation. His destruction appears inevitable, when Forethought, in defiance of the will of Zeus, bestows on him the boon of fire. By means of this great gift the human race is preserved, and mortal man becomes invested with the powers of God. Through the friendly intervention of Prometheus he leaves his cavern-habitations and takes up his abode in houses of wood and brick; his intellectual faculties are aroused; he becomes skilled in the natural sciences; in mathematics and in letters; subjects the lower animals to his will; masters the secrets of navigation; acquires a knowledge of medicine; becomes versed in the mysteries of religion; learns every art.

Between this product of Greek genius and the teachings of anthropology there is almost perfect accord. The beginnings of civilization were indeed slow and painful. We know not how many æons passed before man wielded tool and weapon; nor when he learned the rudiments of speech and numbers; nor through how many ages he struggled with the doom of destruction impending o'er him. We do know, however, that the use of fire marks an epoch in his history; and that without fire, civilization would have been impossible. We know, also, that every decisive step in mankind's progress toward enlightenment is marked either by a victory over the forces of Nature, or by a rational solution of some natural phenomenon. Had there been no Forethought to guide the race along the pathway of improvement, no speech whereby thought could be easily transmitted from mind to mind, nor letters through which every seed of truth as planted attains fruition in the fullness of time, we should still be bondsmen to the will of Zeus. However potent Natural Selection may have been in the differentiation of the human species and in the development of its faculties and powers, we owe it to the teachings of Prometheus that we are to-day superior to the brutes. More than two thousand years after Æschylos a greater dramatist exclaimed: "What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god!" Yet history and science demonstrate that without the help of Education the creature whom Shakespeare has eulogized could never have descended from the miserable savage befriended by Prometheus.

At this point the question suggests itself whether the difference between man in the earliest stages of his development, and in the present fullness of his powers, is not due wholly to the influence of Education; or, in other words, whether in accounting for the progress of man from the lowest to the highest plane of civilization, Natural Selection should not be eliminated from the equation. In order to arrive at a solution of this problem let us compare the mind of man to-day with what it was at an earlier period in the history of the race; and then, let us proceed to determine how Education and how Natural Selection has acted, if at all, for our improvement.

It is a noteworthy fact that the great men of antiquity reached as lofty altitudes as those of modern times. In war none has surpassed Alexander, Hannibal and Cæsar;

in science Aristotle stands without a peer; in sculpture Phidias and Praxiteles divide the sceptre with Michael Angelo; in epic poetry Homer and Virgil are incomparable; in the drama Æschylos and Sophocles yield to none but Shakespeare; in philosophy Socrates and Plato acknowledge no superior. In religious poetry who can dispute the crown with David? In sublimity and depth what other work may rank with Job? In eloquence who rivals Demosthenes and Cicero? Truly, if the great men of the race furnish the measure of its capacity, the increase of man's mental power, since the beginning of history, is imperceptible.

The middle classes of antiquity (I refer to an intellectual division) were probably of as vigorous and ample mental powers as are the middle classes of to-day; and the ignorant elements of society were no whit inferior, in capacity, to the lowest strata of our present populations. We shall search the records of the race in vain for any trustworthy evidence that, during the past four thousand years, the brain power of man has been increased to any appreciable extent. Since Natural Selection would act upon the organ of intellect for its improvement and perfection, we are bound to conclude *a posteriori* that this influence has been of little or no potency in the later development of our civilization.

We may fortify the argument drawn from observation by reasoning based upon the laws of Evolution. In pursuing this branch of the discussion I shall adopt the views of Professor August Weismann, of the University of Freiburg; and it may serve to elucidate the matter to refer briefly to some of these views, and to note the points at which they differ from the theories generally entertained.

The most prominent feature of distinction between the conclusions of Weismann and those of the schools of evolutionists which preceded him, concerns the heredity of acquired characters—Weismann contending that characters which are acquired by the parent do not reappear, as the result of heredity, in the offspring. It may at first seem to the reader of his works that the German scientist has overlooked many facts which tend to establish the opposite conclusion; but a closer examination of his writings discloses the wide range and accuracy of his observations, and the exact logic of his argument. Despite the many apparent contradictions that exist in Nature, we may safely agree with Weismann that only the characters which inhere in the germ-plasm are capable of transmission from parent to child, and that those which are the result of training or education cannot descend from one generation to another.

This theory attributes all phyletic development to Natural Selection, and diminishes the value of environment in the scheme of Nature. For example, the stripes of the tiger, which enable it to conceal itself more easily and effectually amid the jungle grass, are the result of an inherent tendency in certain germs to produce creatures with striped coats. Other things being equal, these individuals, because of their protective coloring, easily survive those whose coats afford no guard against observation. Their striped offspring likewise endure in the struggle for existence, and at last we have a fixed and definite species. The origin of the stripe, however, lies in a germ character which existed ages before the jungles were planted. It is, in no sense, the result of the influence of environment upon the parent; nor the fruit of the inheritance of a trait which an ancestor has, by some external means, acquired.

Another point emphasized by Weismann is that of the absolute necessity of the continuous operation of Natural Selection to preserve an organ after it has once developed. For example, the fish found in the waters of caverns have atrophied eyes. This is so because, before these fish came to live in unlighted places, the germs from which they sprang produced individuals with visual organs of various degrees of efficiency; but only those whose sight was sharp enough to enable them to capture their food and to escape their enemies, survived. In the dark subterranean waters, however, all survive, irrespective of their powers of sight; and it is through the crossing of germs of different visual potentialities that the eye deteriorates. Natural Selection has ceased to be operative so far as the eye is concerned; and that organ consequently suffers a retrogressive evolution. It is only when vision is essential to success in the struggle for existence that its instruments acquire and retain a high degree of efficiency.

Let us now apply these laws to the human race. Unless intellect is essential to success in the struggle for existence—those individuals who are deficient in this respect, dying prematurely and without offspring—we may not expect to find in the present generation a higher development in this particular than existed in generations that have long since passed away. If such be the case, Natural Selection has been inoperative in our higher civilization, and evolution has not, at least since the founding of Rome, increased the brain power of man. This conclusion, as I have already pointed out, is supported by observation; for history, literature and art furnish abundant demonstration that the men of to-day are in no respect superior in intellect to the men of ancient times.

Let us examine more in detail our premise that intellect is not essential, under civilization, to victory in the struggle for existence. To satisfy ourselves of the truth of this assertion, we have but to look around us. We can perceive no person, who thorough a defect of cerebrum or of cerebellum (unless it be pathological) does not attain physical maturity; none whose term of life is curtailed by a feeble brain; none whose chance of progeny is affected by a weak or imperfectly developed mind. On the contrary, we find that the lives of the mentally impotent are carefully guarded and preserved by organized society, and that they are permitted to flourish and renew themselves. There was a time, indeed, in the remote darkness of man's earliest development, when the inferior brain had to succumb to the better organ; when the brighter intellect secured all the things essential to existence and reproduction; when idiots were ruthlessly destroyed, not by man perhaps, but by Nature. Then Natural Selection could and did act to produce the highly complex and marvelous organ which now serves man so well. Since that period, however, there have been countless generations of intercrossing among germs of various mind-potentialities; and the result is a complete cessation of cerebral development—perhaps even a deterioration of the brain.

Other parts of the body have, through the suspension of Natural Selection, likewise suffered a diminution of power. An acute sense of sight and hearing are no longer needed, among civilized men, in the struggle for existence. The eye that will serve, with the aid of glasses, is ordinarily quite sufficient for the uses of life; the ear that will discern spoken words is practically as good as the one that can perceive the faintest noises or distinguish the slightest differences of pitch or timbre. We find accordingly a retrogressive evolution of the eye and ear among civilized man; examples of which meet us at every hand.

I have spoken generally of brain power——not seeking to separate the one mental faculty from the other. If, however, we consider the various elements that are collectively spoken of as mind, for example, memory, observation, imagination and reason, we shall arrive at equally important and interesting results. It is probable that of the cerebral functions named, that of observation was first developed, that of memory next, and that of reason last. We find, therefore, that the power of observation has struck its roots deepest into the soil and that it flourishes most vigorously; that memory occupies an intermediate place; and that reason is usually a plant of puny growth. When we come to test the mental capacities of children, as we do at schools, we quickly discover that nearly every pupil may be taught quite readily to observe, that his memory may be trained at the cost of considerable additional exertion, but that the logical faculty either does not exist or remains, for the most part, dormant. Just as observation and memory are essential to all animals in their struggle for existence, so are they in a modified degree, essential to

civilized man; but reason, in its higher development at least, has never been necessary to life, and accordingly we find that it is to-day the attribute of very few men and women. It is so also with the imagination. The faculty that distinguishes the painter and poet, and is so helpful to the man engaged in scientific research, has never been a *sine qua non* to existence; and consequently but few persons possess it in any marked degree.

It may perhaps be well, at this stage of our discourse, to recapitulate the salient features of the argument. First, man's civilization is a victory over Nature, won painfully and with great effort. Second, without the help of education this victory could not have been achieved. Third, man's intellectual capacity is no greater to-day than it was four thousand years ago. Fourth, among civilized men a very small degree of intelligence will suffice in the struggle for existence. Fifth, Natural Selection improves, or prevents the deterioration of, an organ only when the exercise of that organ is essential in the struggle for existence. Sixth, Natural Selection has not contributed to the higher civilization of man. Seventh, Education has been the chief agency in enabling man to attain his present proud position in the universe.

It will not be necessary to point out to you that by Education we mean the development or drawing out of the mental faculties of the individual. It is, therefore, to be distinguished from teaching. The teacher may or may not be an educator, according to the nature of the things taught, the manner of imparting instruction and the capacity of the pupil. Magnificent as are the aggregate results of the conscious efforts of those who are engaged in school work, the most splendid fruits of education spring from the unintended influence of mind upon mind. To illustrate: no great man has ever appeared alone in any of the fields of intellectual activity. Æschylos, Sophocles and Euripides; Demosthenes and Eschines; Socrates, Plato and Aristotle; Virgil, Horace and Cicero; Hillel, Jesus and Paul; Michael Angelo, Raphael and Da Vinci; Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Marlowe, Beaumont and Fletcher; Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson and Franklin; Garrison, Phillips and Lincoln; Parker and Emerson, are some of the groups which we may readily discover in the pages of history. I have often heard it pronounced remarkable that men of genius come into the world in clusters, and that in every crisis there seems to be a mind specially qualified and appointed to act. There is but one way, in my opinion, to arrive at a rational explanation of these facts; namely, to recognize the truth that at all times there exist in the world minds capable of great development in any given direction; and that whenever anything occurs, whether the happening of a political event, or the publication of a poem, or the announcement of a newly discovered law of nature, or the advent of a genius, to give stimulus to mental activity and growth of a particular character, the minds possessing the peculiar and appropriate powers respond at once, with the result that either immediately or within a generation, a coterie of poets, painters, philosophers or patriots appears. Great men always rise in constellations, therefore, and their greatness is usually of the kind that the time or the occasion demands. In America to-day there is no inspiration for the poet or the artist, and the roll of our favored sons contains at present no names pre-eminent in the fields of art or poetry. Just as in Galilee, at the time of Jesus, every woman about to become a mother dreamed that she had given birth to a Messiah, so in our land our hopes and aspirations are bound up in a wallet. Blest is he, we think, who can amass a fortune. It happens, therefore, that the American firmament of mind is at present studded with such stars as Vanderbilt, Gould, Sage, Rockefeller, Field and Pullman—men of genius, every one. But the poet is working at a desk, writing his odes and elegies in the pages of a ledger; the philosopher is wielding a yard-stick; the teacher of morals is practicing law; and the patriot is writing for a newspaper. Were the desire for wealth to be suddenly annihilated, and a love of music to become the dominant passion, our mighty financiers would be playing second fiddle in a country orchestra, and some of our farmer boys would be disputing the sovereignty of the musical world with Beethoven and Wagner. The American Civil War afforded a good illustration of the development of men along unexpected lines. Many of its distinguished commanders would surely have remained forever in ignorance of their military talents, had secession not occurred; and if it had come a generation later some of us who are slowly plodding the paths of peace might now be budding into Marlboroughs.

I conclude from all of the foregoing that Heredity, as a means or an agent for the further development and improvement of the race, weighs but little; but that Education is of the greatest value and importance. It is not through the transmission of physical characters, but through their proper development in each generation separately, that mankind will continue to advance along the pathway of civilization.

I have purposely refrained from any special consideration of the ethical nature of man; for I hold that this is but a manifestation of the ordinary mental faculties. Our judgment of the moral character of an act depends wholly upon our education. It is true that our ideas of morality are the result of Evolution; but that applies to the race and not to the individuals who compose it. The man whose conduct conforms to the standard of ethics supported by the majority of his fellows, is esteemed for his morality; while he who fails to reach that standard is decried as immoral or wicked. Whether the individual will recognize the rule of ethics which obtains in the community in which he lives, whether he will deem it important or desirable that his acts should harmonize with that rule, whether he will sacrifice comfort or profit for the sake of his conscience, as the phrase is, will depend wholly upon the training of his mind.

A correct understanding of the laws that underlie and control the development and transmission of mental traits is of supreme importance to the whole race. If it be true, as we have assumed, that Natural Selection cannot and does not improve those organs which are not necessarily employed in the struggle for existence, and if it be also true that acquired characters are not hereditary, it must follow that the sudden civilization of savage races is, in the long run, a detriment rather than an advantage. Let us take the African negroes as an illustration. If the well-meaning but misguided missionaries continue to labor in that vineyard, we shall eventually have a race of beings whose cerebral development has been arrested at a point considerably below that of the white man's brain; and the negro will never be able to rise to the intellectual and moral level which the white man occupies. On the other hand, if he be permitted by evangelists and traders to struggle against Nature until his cerebral convolutions have become more complex and numerous, he will, in the course of centuries, make good his claim to equality with the white man. This theory presupposes, of course, that the African has not attained his full limit of brain growth, and that there is a germ tendency in that race toward a more delicate and powerful organ of thought.

The natural laws which I have attempted to elucidate should be carefully regarded in the determination of such social problems as the temperance question, and the punishment of criminals. The only argument from the standpoint of science which I have ever heard advanced against compulsory abstinence, is that it prevents the growth of character and tends to diminish the moral vigor of the race. In the light of Weismann's researches this contention is discovered to be without a valid basis. A license to become intoxicated can result only to the detriment of mankind. A love of liquor cannot be transmitted from the drunkard to his child; nor can a taste for sobriety and decency be handed down from the temperate father to his son. Intemperance, whether among the rich or poor, results from bad example and an imperfect training of the will. The son of a drunkard is apt to follow in his father's footsteps, not because he inherits a craving for stimulants,

nor because he has come into the world with an enfeebled intellect, but simply and solely for the reasons that he has not been taught to resist the temptations of the saloon, nor to loathe the man who succumbs to a depraved and vicious taste. Nor is it true that if every man be permitted to follow his inclinations and desires, the race will be improved through the extirpation of those unfitted to survive. Drunkards are not destroyed in the struggle for existence; and although their traits are not transmitted through heredity, they reappear through the influence of example in each succeeding generation. It is only by means of a weeding-out process that Natural Selection can improve a species; and unless the men and women of feeble powers of resistance are promptly exterminated, as a necessary consequence of their weakness, there is no hope that the character of future generations will be strengthened by allowing every individual to follow the bent of his own will. Those who pretend to take a scientific interest in the welfare of mankind should remember that by permitting men to make beasts of themselves the individual is injured, society is endangered, and, through example, the future of the race is imperiled; and that for all these evils there is no compensating advantage in phyletic improvement.

In penology Weismann's conclusions are likewise important. We are accustomed nowadays to speak of the criminal instinct as hereditary, and to cite the cases of "Margaret the mother of criminals" and others, to prove that the descendants of law-breakers are naturally inclined to follow in the footsteps of their parents. It appears to me, however, that with all of us, respect for law and morality are matters of education; and that without the proper training the majority of men and women would delight in wrong-doing. The children of criminals are prone to crime, not because they have inherited a tendency to cheat and steal, but because they have been influenced by bad example, and have not enjoyed the advantage of a rigorous training in morals. The career of a lawbreaker is of gradual development, and at every point in it we may discern the effects of bad surroundings. The problem of the treatment of youthful offenders is certainly a serious one; but even more important is that of the treatment of children before they become offenders. Neither penitentiaries nor reformatories will insure protection to society so long as multitudes of boys and girls are daily exposed to influences that destroy the good within their minds and tend to make the bad fruitful. It would be better, I think, and more in accordance with the teachings of Jesus, to tear down the churches, and to direct the resources and energies at present employed in them, toward the education of the poor. I make this statement from the standpoint of sociology, not of religion. I would save souls, not by faith or doctrine, but by self-respect, love of law, and the power to resist temptation.

It must appear from what I have said that I regard Education as the highest means of salvation, and that I consider the man or woman who earnestly engages in this work, as deserving of greater praise and honor than kings or presidents. We are to-day confronted by a state of things, that, if not alarming, is certainly not comforting or reassuring. Throughout the length and breadth of the land the Lie is triumphant. It rears its head in the pulpit; it invades the sanctity of the home; it permeates every vein and artery of trade; it prostitutes the press; it takes possession of every field of human thought and action. In the high places, we see men who have practiced upon the credulity of their fellows to sell them into slavery—that is, to take from the the fruit of their labors and bestow it, without return, upon others. In the low places we perceive the victims of deceit following an *ignus fatuus* into the pathless swamp of poverty and despair. We are all agreed that the time is out of joint; but as to the means of setting it right, there is a wide divergence of opinion. Some of us attribute the breaking down of society, as it is called, to the waning influence of religion; others charge it to the operation of unhallowed economic forces; still others assert that it is due to foolish political measures, to the accumulation of vast wealth in a few hands, or perhaps to the denial of suffrage to women. The remedies for the ills of the nation are as numerous and as different as are these diagnoses. We are told by the preacher that religion must resume her sway; by the walking delegate that capital must yield to labor; by the politician that the other party must be driven from power; by the socialist that all wealth must be equally divided; by the woman suffragist that discriminations against her sex must cease. The wise man believes in none of these panaceas; but the foolish person recommends them all in turn. If, however, there be any prescription that is effectual to heal the social body, I should say that it is Education. We may grumble at the spirit of infidelity, at economic hardships, and at political injustice, but we must remember that true religion cannot exist in a community where the minds of men and women are untrained; that the operation of economic forces cannot be avoided, but if they are to be subdued to our service the forces must be understood; that politics can never work injustice in a republic of enlightened men. The hope of the nation—of the world—lies in Education. The work that Prometheus began, let every man and woman strive earnestly to continue.

A True Story About a Horse.

BY A TEACHER IN THE DUDLEY (BOSTON) SCHOOL.

When I was a little girl we lived in the country, about a mile from the little schoolhouse. Every pleasant day we girls walked to school. When it was stormy my father generally carried us in the morning and we stayed at school through the day.

Our horse, Charley, was very knowing and kind. He knew so well the way from our house to the school that he was often trusted to go alone.

Often toward the close of a stormy afternoon my father would harness the good horse to the wagon, take him to the road and say, "Charley, go and get the girls."

Charley would trot down the road to the schoolhouse, would himself turn the wagon so that he was headed toward home, and there wait till school was out, when we climbed into the wagon and drove home. There he was rewarded with loving words, pats and apples. I am glad to remember that our faithful horse was always treated kindly. Father refused all offers to sell him and he ended his days with us.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

Who calls the glorious labor hard?
Who deems it not its own reward?
Who, for its trials, counts it less
A cause of praise and thankfulness?

—*J. G. Whittier.*

The publishers of the *Atlantic* announce that the third edition of the March issue of the magazine is now ready. The unusual demand for this number has already completely exhausted two editions, and the third is now ready for delivery.

The widespread interest in public affairs in this country is well illustrated by the large sale of the March issue of the *Atlantic*, which contains John Fiske on the Arbitration Treaty and Woodrow Wilson on President Cleveland. The scholarly treatment of the subject by John Fiske makes the intricacies of this treaty wonderfully plain and shows it in all its broad significance. The recent inaugural ceremonies at Washington, closing the career of Mr. Cleveland as our chief magistrate, bring him more than ever before the public eye, and Mr. Wilson treats his career with judicial fairness and genuine enthusiasm.

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—The willing heart makes the capable man.
MON.—God measures souls by their capacity for entertaining his best angel—Love.
TUES.—Lip service is not loving; let thy faith speak for thee.
WED.—'Tis love, not creeds, that from a low condition leads mankind up to heights supreme and grand.
THURS.—Forces undreamed of will come to the aid of one who, tho' weak, yet believes he is strong.
FRI.—Who loveth best is nearest kin to God.
SAT.—Men's souls contract with cold suspicion; shine on them with warm love and they expand.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

Grown-up Land.

"Good-morrow, fair maid, with lashes brown,
Can you tell me the way to Womanhood Town?"

"Oh, this way and that way, never a stop.
'Tis picking up stitches grandma will drop,
'Tis kissing the baby's troubles away,
'Tis learning that cross words never will pay,
'Tis helping mother, 'tis sewing up rents,
'Tis reading and playing, 'tis saving the cents,
'Tis loving and smiling, forgetting to frown,
Oh, that is the way to Womanhood Town!"

"Just wait, my brave lad, one moment, I pray.
Manhood Town lies where? Can you tell the way?"

"Oh, by toiling and trying we reach that land,—
A bit with the head, a bit with the hand!
'Tis by climbing up the steep hill Work,
'Tis by keeping out of the wide street Shirk,
'Tis by always taking the weak one's part,
'Tis by giving the mother a happy heart,
'Tis by keeping bad thoughts and actions down,
Oh, that is the way to Manhood Town!"

And the lad and the maid ran hand in hand
To their fair estates in Grown-up Land.

—*City and Country.*

Happiness in Paris.

Mr. Geo. T. Angell, in writing to *Our Dumb Animals* from Paris, says:

"Doubtless among the lower classes there is more or less poverty, but I see very few indications of it—no nakedness or rags, and very rarely a beggar. The poorest appear cleanly, and I am told that their rooms are generally well kept. And now we come to a very important question, whether they are or are not a happy people, and how in this respect they compare with us. And here I feel bound to say that my observations in Europe thus far force me to the conclusion, that while we have more energy, enterprise and inventive genius, and more of what we call and consider the comforts of life, yet we get out of them a less percentage of substantial happiness than any other people I have seen. I believe there are millions on this side of the ocean living on a few sous a day, who have more of real enjoyment than our millionaires. And the thought often occurs to me here whether we have not in our country too much of that unhealthy ambition which struggles for larger houses, richer furniture and costlier dress and equipage; sacrificing in the struggle the true sources of happiness.

An Arab's Answer.

A Frenchman who had won a high rank among men of science, and who yet denied the existence of God, the author of all science, was crossing the Desert of Sahara in company with an Arab guide. This so-called philosopher noticed with a sneer that at certain times his guide, whatever obstacles might arise, put them all aside, and, kneeling on the burning sands, called on his God.

Day after day passed, and the Arab never neglected his devotions. At last, one evening, as he rose from his knees, the Frenchman asked him with a sneer:

"How do you know there is a God?"

The guide fixed his eyes upon the scoffer in wonder, and then said, solemnly:

"How do I know there is a God? How did I know that a man, and not a camel, passed my hut last night in the darkness? Was it not by the print of his foot on the sand? Even so"—and he pointed to the sun, whose last rays were flashing over the lonely desert,—"that footprint was not that of a man."—*Young Catholic Messenger.*

How Birds Talk.

Birds have no difficulty in making themselves understood, with a variety of calls, to their young and to each other. We do not notice much variation in the chirping calls of the English sparrows; but probably our talk is equally monotonous to them. No one could accuse the English sparrow of want of sagacity. Nor are they so intrusive a bird as is commonly supposed. At the country place from which the Listener writes there are no English sparrows nearer than the outskirts of the village, at a distance of half a mile. This spring, however, the Listener noticed a pair of them, male and female, inspecting the premises, and in particular studying the accommodations, from the English sparrow point of view, of a certain shed and henhouse. Evidently they did not consider the quarters eligible, for they have never since been seen around the place, nor any other of their species. After a good look around they left the premises to the possession of chopping-sparrows, orioles, robins, red-eyed vireous and other native Americans. A single male English sparrow was seen last summer on the shores of a lake near by; but he was evidently a wanderer, for none have been seen there since. The neighborhood abounds in chippers.—*Listener, in Boston Transcript.*

A Mother's Word.

A letter from a mother who wants to teach her boy the life of Jesus, in making inquiry of the W. U. S. S. Society, expresses a very true thought as to the kind of lesson helps she wants for that purpose: "I have tried in vain to find a really beautiful, inspiring 'Life of Jesus' suitable for a nine-year-old boy. They are all too 'cut and dried'—too many facts, too little of the shining through of the real Jesus. We cheapen sacred things by making them matters to be analyzed and labeled. The more radical we are, and the more we reject, the more we want to hold hard to the essence of what is left."

You will find that he who would rule well must first serve. But some have set their mark higher and scorn to do little things. He who scorns to do little things may never have the opportunity to do great things; for the things that are deemed great are often actually small, and things that seem small are often great in their bearings and consequences. Trifles lighter than straw are often the feathers that turn the scale of character and destiny. The great events of the world are gradual in their progress and slow in their growth. Whatever comes to pass suddenly generally passes away suddenly.—*American Youth.*

The Study Table.

A Study of Comparative Religion.

The first volume of the "American Lectures on the History of Religions" has reached us, from the publishing house of G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London. The Knickerbocker Press has seldom given us, in its all-important catalogue, a more important work than this. On the 24th of December, 1891, fifteen persons, interested in promoting the historical study of religions, united in issuing a circular letter, inviting a conference in the council chambers of the Historical Society of Philadelphia, for the purpose of instituting popular courses in the history of religions, to be delivered annually by the best scholars of Europe and America. The committee in charge selected as the first lecturer Professor T. W. Rhys Davids of London, on the subject, "The History and Literature of Buddhism." It is intended to have ready for the public a second volume, to be delivered by Dr. D. G. Brinton, on "Primitive Religions," before the close of 1897. And a third volume will be ready in 1898, on the "Religious Thought and Life Among the Ancient Hebrews." This will be delivered by the Rev. T. K. Cheyne, professor at Oxford University.

The volume now before us is the very best, the most thorough analysis of this Oriental faith that has ever been laid before English readers. The first chapter, on "Religious Theories in India Before Buddhism," is a model of clear and compact discussion. It is all important to clearly comprehend the antecedents of any religion. In fact, it is beginning to be understood that the only approach to any subject should be at first the historical approach.

The most abstruse, least understood factor of the Buddhistic religion has always been the doctrine of Nirvana. Mr. Davids expounds the Nirvana so that we may say it is at last comprehensible to Western minds. Those who have, under the name of Christians, come to the conviction that religion is a concern that includes this life; and that if we do not meet God here we never will find him anywhere; will discover in Buddhism a confirmation of this final thought of our faith, "The victory to be gained by the destruction of ignorance is, in Gotama's view, a victory which can be gained and enjoyed in *this* life." But Buddhism adds, "In this life only." Not only must one who would be righteous give up hankering after Paradise, he must give up individualism. The Nirvana is the attainment of a state where a person sees that his individuality is only a point in a flux or flow of life, and that nothing stops, at any point, to enjoy immortal bliss or unchanging conditions. The death passage is but one point in eternal passage of I away from me. I go on, not as I, but as a changed and changing factor of life. That is, my to-morrow is a new life of another being, not a continuity of my present being. While a man is saying "this is me," lo! it is not me! or "this is mine," lo! it is no longer mine. What Buddha emphasized, is exactly what we of the modern West do not emphasize, that is, ignoring the individual, he laid all the emphasis on the unity. You are not so much *you*, as you are a part of the *All*.

E. P. P.

Nature's Song.

What is the song that Nature sings?
She hums low in all living things
A song of life and death, of birth anew,
Of mighty laws unswerving, deep and true.

Of the infinite God, whose will she obeys,
Who ruleth over the nights and days,
Who createth in love, to glad life, all things,
This is the song that Nature sings.

K. DRALSE.

Notes and Comment.

Olive Schreiner, in her new book, "Trooper Peter Halket of Mashonaland," published by Roberts Bros., has held up to the British public a mirror in which they do not like to see themselves reflected. By way of venting their indignation, and of proving their claim to humane impulses, they have attacked with vigor Dr. A. Donaldson Smith, the explorer. The *London Literary World* admits that in "Trooper Halket" the speakers show up the maladministration of the chartered company, the vile treatment of the natives, which drove them to rebel, the horrible savagery of the white men in repressing the rebellion, and the blood-guiltiness of the British nation, from the Queen downward, if the chartered rule is to be prolonged; meanwhile, the *London Chronicle* is fiercely attacking the Philadelphian for some of the disclosures in his thrilling book, "Through Unknown African Countries." (Arnold.)

With the spring books at hand one can travel in imagination to many lands. Another volume about Africa is by a woman—"Travels in West Africa," by Mary H. Kingsley. Prince Henri of Orleans tells, in his "From Tonkin to India," of his discovery of the sources of the Irrawaddy river, and treats of many pressing political problems of the Orient. To those that watched with interest the progress of the Fram Dr. Nansen's Farthest North will be a welcome volume.

The traveler with literary interests, when next he sails for Europe, will add to his collection of Baedecker's Mr. Lawrence Hutton's literary guide books. Harper Brothers have issued three new volumes in the Literary Landmarks series, treating of Florence, Venice and Rome. The scientific investigator, the literary critic and the skilled writer have combined to make the books interesting and useful.

For public school teachers, that are urged to foster patriotism in their pupils' hearts, there is a valuable aid in "The Principles and Acts of the Revolution," edited by the author's grandson, S. V. Niles, and republished by A. S. Barnes & Co. The same firm announces also an autobiography of Garibaldi and a "Popular History of the United States," complete to date in one volume, with a "just chronicle of the recent campaign," so writes Mr. Mark Hanna.

D. D.

St. Patrick's Church, Galway, Ireland, has been closed for the last thirty-five years. It is a magnificent structure of cut stone and can seat 1,500 people. The apparent abandonment of it by the Catholics has always puzzled tourists. The fact of it is, however, that the faithful could not gain admission to it because the plot of ground in front of it was owned by a bitter Protestant. He built a high wall directly in front of the chapel door and there it has stood till last week, when the persistent obstructor died. Now the bishop has bought the ground and the flock will soon worship in their temple for the first time since 1862.

The Agricultural Experiment Station of the University of Illinois issues a special bulletin for March on "Smuts and Their Prevention." The preventive methods treated at length are clean seed, use of chemicals and hot water. It is the desire of the station to give this bulletin wide circulation before seeding time. Applications for copies and inquiries may be sent to the Agricultural Experiment Station, Urbana, Ill.

The March Arena is the initial issue of the magazine under the new management and joint editorship of John Clark Ridpath and Helen H. Gardener. It will continue its well established policy of liberalism and reform. Prof. Burt Wilder, of Cornell University, contributes an article on "Brains for the Young," and the senior editor makes his début in that capacity with a paper on "Democracy—Its Origins and Prospects."

A 20-page Weekly. **THE NEW UNITY** $2.00 per Annum.

...PUBLISHED FOR...

THE UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY,

—BY—

ALFRED C. CLARK, 185 DEARBORN STREET, CHICAGO.

SENIOR EDITOR,
JENKIN LLOYD JONES,

ASSOCIATE EDITORS,

HIRAM W. THOMAS, FRANK BUFFINGTON VROOMAN, CAROLINE BARTLETT CRANE, OSCAR L. TRIGGS, CHARLES ZEUBLIN,
EMIL G. HIRSCH, R. A. WHITE, A. N. ALCOTT, FREDERICK STARR, ELLEN T. LEONARD,
E. P. POWELL, JOSEPH STOLZ, PHILIP S. MOXOM, W. A. COLLEDGE, JOHN W. CHADWICK.

ADDITIONAL MEMBERS OF THE PUBLICATION COMMITTEE OF

LIBERAL CONGRESS OF RELIGION:

W. C. GANNETT, PAUL CARUS, L. J. DUNCAN,
GEO. H. SHIBLEY, HANNAH G. SOLOMON, UNA MCMAHAN,
MARY F. STRONG, EDITH LACKERSTEEN, ALBERT SCHEIBLE.

Remittances should be made payable to Alfred C. Clark, and may be by express or money order, postoffice money order, draft, check, or registered letter, as most convenient. The date following your name on your paper's "yellow label" will show the date to which your remittance has been paid. Noother receipt is given unless stamp is sent.

Discontinuances.—Subscribers wishing THE NEW UNITY stopped at the expiration of their subscriptions should notify us to that effect; otherwise we shall consider it their wish to have it continued.

Changes of Address.—When a change of address is desired, both the new and the old address must be given and notice sent one week before the change is desired.

All Letters concerning the Publishers' Department should be addressed to Alfred C. Clark, 185 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Editorial.—All matter for the Editorial Department should be addressed to Jenkin Lloyd Jones, 3939 Langley Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Entered as Second Class Matter at the Chicago Post Office.

The Liberal Field.

"The World is my Country; To do good is my Religion."

CHICAGO.—Mr. John Fiske of Cambridge, Mass., spoke in All Souls Church last Sunday morning on "The Origin of Liberal Thought in America," to an audience whose size and responsiveness showed great appreciation of this annual visit of the "assistant pastor of All Souls," as Mr. Fiske has called himself. It is not easy to choose among so many great thoughts, but we quote a few pungent sentences.

"The discovery of the new continent of America was itself such a stimulant to free thought as the world has never witnessed, and developed an eager thirst for new knowledge. Through maritime commerce with America and other countries the European mind burst the bonds of its little world. There was nothing remarkable in Martin Luther coming the next generation after Columbus. Intellectual awakening came first and with most effect to nations under free governments. Free thinking is a slow growth; mankind has struggled desperately against it and in many cases it has been strenuously opposed by the very men who did the most to further it."

The speaker traced the growth of free thinking in England, beginning with the time of Henry VIII.

Then he crossed the water to the young colonies of America and showed the great influence of Puritanism. Quakerism was touched upon as a factor and also the political policy of encouraging Roman Catholic and other emigration. It was mentioned as an interesting fact that Massachusetts, one of the most intolerant states in the early days, became the birthplace of the best spiritual ideals and personalities later on.

The giant personality of Jonathan Edwards was a dominant figure down to the rise of transcendentalism. Coming down to more recent days he said, "The results of Emerson's teachings are not to be measured, either in this country or in England. The changes wrought by Parker in the Unitarian church have been followed in other churches, producing the decomposition of orthodoxy. In the days to come there will be no place in this world for orthodoxy any more than there will be for the amœba or the trilobite.

"In modern days vast changes in mental attitude are being wrought. In change there is always strain and pain, hence the growth of free thought has been unpopular, but where general education is possible, everywhere that growth goes on and will not be denied."

In the evening Mr. Fiske lectured on "John Milton, the Puritan Poet." It is a memorable day in the annals of any church when two such discourses were heard from its platform.

The Facts in the Case.

A careful perusal of the map of Wisconsin will convince you that the WISCONSIN CENTRAL LINES running from Chicago and Milwaukee to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Ashland, Hurley, Ironwood, Bessemer, and Duluth, touch a greater number of important cities than any line running through Wisconsin. Elegantly equipped trains, leaving at convenient hours, make these cities easy of access. Any ticket agent can give you full information and ticket you through.

JAS. C. POND, Gen. Pass. Agt.,
Milwaukee, Wis.

PERSONAL.—There is a movement afoot to celebrate the coming of Dr. Edward Everett Hale's seventy-fifth birthday on April 3; the Lend-a-Hand advisory committee is planning that the day shall be a marked one in his life. While several projects have been discussed, the one best liked was the plan for an endowment fund for the work of the Ten Times One Society. The committee has decided to present to the Ten Times One Society on that day, in behalf of Dr. Hale, the Hale endowment fund. The committee appointed a sub-committee to take charge of raising a fund of $25,000 before April 3. The committee is: Edwin D. Mead, Roger E. Tileston, Miss Helen F. Kimball, Rufus B. Tobey and Mrs. Bernard Whitman. * * * Rev. D. E. Jenkins has translated into Welsh Professor James Robertson's "The Old Testament and Its Contents." Professor Davidson of New College, Edinburgh, contributes a preface. * * * "The Biblical World" gives the following interesting item: Mr. S. Schechter of the University of Cambridge has made a happy discovery of some original leaves in Hebrew of the Book of Ecclesiasticus. In June, 1896, Mrs. Lewis brought from the East a MS. leaf, which Mr. Schechter recognized as a portion of the lost original of Ecclesiasticus. "Almost simultaneously, nine leaves of the same MS., brought from the East, were identified in the Bodleian Library." These ten chapters (39: 15—49: 11) in the Hebrew original will be published shortly by the Clarendon Press. This old-new Hebrew text is to be "accompanied by an English translation, and the Greek, Syriac and old Latin versions, followed by a complete glossary of new forms found in the Hebrew text, and of words used in new senses." One of the chief values of this publication will be the presentation of sample pages of the Hebrew text in which Sirach wrote his book.

Too Tired to Sleep.

Take Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

The weariness from brain work and nervous excitement is the most enervating fatigue there is. Horsford's Acid Phosphate quiets the nerves and induces sleep.

Sunday School Notes.

At the coming May anniversaries the Western Unitarian Sunday School Society will have an interesting meeting. This will probably come on both the morning and the afternoon of May 6th, luncheon being provided at the church (Unity). One notable feature of the meeting as now planned is a series of brief talks or papers on "New Ideas in Sunday School Work." This series will no doubt bring out many helpful suggestions, particularly if time is allowed for a general discussion. The treasurer of the society has sent out his annual call, as several hundred dollars are still needed to properly round up the year's work.

Mrs. Woolley is trying the experiment of holding her Bible class at four o'clock in the afternoon at her house. This change in hour will relieve her from the strain of conducting a class immediately after a morning service, and it will also open the class to such of the Sunday school teachers as may wish to take advantage of it.

The Chicago Union of Liberal Sunday Schools has chosen the following as its officers for the year ending January 11th, 1898: President. Geo. M. Kimball (of the Universalist Sunday School at Oak Park); vice-president C. A. S. Chapman (of the North-Side Sunday Ethical School); secretary, Miss Alice L. Griggs (of Unity Sunday School). The programme committee is like wise a representative one: Albert Scheible (Unity Sunday School), Miss V. Bishop (Re-

Of all the nerve-tonics—bromos, celeries or nervines—your doctor will tell you that the Hypophosphites are best understood. So thoroughly related is the nervous system to disease that some physicians prescribe Hypophosphites alone in the early stages of Consumption. Scott's Emulsion is Cod-liver Oil, emulsified, with the Hypophosphites, happily blended. The result of its use is greater strength and activity of the brain, the spinal cord and the nerves.

Let us send you a book all about it. Sent free.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

"Wash us with Pearline!

"That's all we ask. Save us from that dreadful rubbing—It's wearing us out!

"We want Pearline—the original washing-compound—the one that has proved that it can't hurt us—Pearline! Don't experiment on us with imitations! We'd rather be rubbed to pieces than eaten up." 499

Millions NOW USE Pearline

deemer Sunday School), Miss Mary L. Jones (All Souls), Miss L. Freiberger (South-Side Ethical) and Mrs. Westerfeld (Stewart Ave. Universalist). This committee will plan for meetings to be held on or about the second Tuesday evening of April, May, October, November, December and January.

ALBERT S.

Old and New.

The cheapest summer resorts are in the mountains of Japan. There are mineral springs there to which peasants bring their own bedding and rice, paying only 3 cents a day for lodging and use of the water.—*Northwestern Christain Advocate.*

Climax Dish Washer.

FREE We lead them all. See our list of **testimonials.** Best Machine made. More of them being sold. The verdict of the people has been given, they will have the Climax. They can't get along without it. Agents wanted, **Men or Women.** All can be convinced by reading **testimonials** from hundreds of people, and experience of Agents now in the work. You can get full particulars by writing the...

Climax Mfg. Co.
COLUMBUS, - OHIO.

BUY NO INCUBATOR

and pay for it before giving it a trial. The firm who is afraid to let you try their incubator before buying it, has no faith in their machine. We will sell you ours **ON TRIAL, NOT A CENT until tried, and a child can run it with 5 minutes' attention a day.** We won **FIRST PRIZE WORLD'S FAIR** and will win you for a steady customer if you will only buy ours on trial. **Our large catalogue will cost you 5 cts. and give you $100 worth of practical information on poultry and incubators and the money there is in the business.** Plans for Brooders, Houses, etc., 25. **N. B. Send us the names of three persons interested in poultry and 25 cents and we will send you "The Bicycle: Its Care and Repair," a book of 180 subjects and 80 illustrations, worth $5, to any bicycle rider.**

VON CULIN INCUBATOR CO., Box 690, DELAWARE CITY, DEL.

Young Men Quit Tobacco

If you wish to preserve your manhood. Education at large expense to develop mental brilliancy is torn down by Tobacco use and nervousness results. SURE-QUIT, an antidote chewing gum rights the wrong. 25c. a box, nearly all druggists. Booklet and sample free. Eureka Chemical Co. Detroit, Mich.

"Did you see me in the p'rade?" said Mr. Dolan to his wife.

"Oi did."

"Wasn't Oi a foine soight thin?"

"Yez wor, indade. Oi had to look twice ty re'lize thot the mon thot stepped along so loively an' aisy ty the music wor me own husband thot warn't able ty walk aroun' the corner to the grocery lasht noight because av the rheumatism."—*Washington Star.*

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars: free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

☞Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Moral Geography.

The highest mountain is called Success. Few reach the top save those who watch sharply for the passing of the spirit of the mountain, Opportunity, who carries upward all those that seize hold upon him. The region where no man hath ever set foot is called To-morrow.

The greatest desert is called Life, and it hath many oases. These are called Hope, and Ambition, and Love, and Charity, and Home. And of them all the last is the most beautiful. Besides these are many other smaller 'n extent, whence the traveler obtaineth refreshment during the weary journey through Life.—*Selected.*

YOU WILL REALIZE THAT "THEY LIVE WELL WHO LIVE CLEANLY," IF YOU USE

SAPOLIO

How the Lungs Are Now Cured.

A CLOUD OF WITNESSES.

[Notes from Dr. Hunter's Lectures.]

There are people who can be made to believe that consumption, the most dreaded disease known to man and the hardest to cure known to medical science, will get well spontaneously if they only go South and breathe the air that is filtered through the malarious swamps and lagoons of Florida, or north or west, to the thin air of the Adirondacks or Colorado, where the diseased lungs and weakened heart are strained and forced to labor beyond their strength. But they cannot see or understand that breathing a healing medicated air adapted to their condition and applied under careful medical supervision is a thousand times more likely to succeed. They are so peculiarly constituted mentally that true science is powerless to save them, as even science can do no more than appeal to the common sense of those who possess it.

So long as the germs that cause consumption remain in the lungs and retain their vitality the disease goes on. They can only be reached and destroyed by antiseptic germicides brought into direct contact with them in the lungs. The specific germicides must enter into the composition of the air breathed. This is the particular feature of my treatment in which it differs from all others. That it is successful is attested by thousands of patients who have been and are now being cured by it.

The following letters speak volumes.

O. H. Saunders, Fort Gaines, Ga., Nov. 5, 1896: "I have been improving ever since I began your treatment and am greatly benefited. Have gained in flesh and strength. It is the most wonderful treatment I ever heard of. I pray the Lord to bless you in your good work."

Mrs. S. M. Carlisle, Tyson, Vt., March 9, 1896: The doctor that examined my lungs last July and said I could not live examined them again last week and told me my right lung was perfectly sound and the left very much better than he ever thought it was possible to be. My improvement in health and strength is very great."

Richard A. Peck, Hopkinsville, Ky., May 6, 1896: "All changes since last report have been favorable. I now weigh 144 pounds, which is 12 pounds above my former weight, eat more at a meal than I used to do at two. Expectorate very little, do not cough all night and only two or three hacks in the morning. I am in better health and look better in face than I have done in years. My sister-in-law said last night I looked like I had been born again. The Rev. Mr. Pourse met me on the street the other day and said: 'Brother Peck, I hear you are taking Dr. Hunter's treatment. A sister of mine was a well-developed case of consumption and was cured by Dr. Hunter's inhalations more than thirty years ago. She is over 70 and still living.' You have my sincere gratitude, and when the last trump shall sound I want to meet you beyond the river."

Lena V. Isham, 809 North Fifth street, Richmond, Va., October 10, 1896: "I feel greatly improved since I commenced taking your remedies. I have gained ten pounds and will take great pleasure in recommending your treatment to any one who has weak lungs."

Mrs. C. C. Hawkins, Hamburg, Erie county, N. Y., Oct. 8, 1896: "I write to let you know that I am not dead but living and in better health than I have had in years. I ceased the treatment when my medicine gave out because I did not have the money, but the good they have done me continued and I am the fleshiest I have been for ten years—weight 137 pounds; do not cough any and have a good appetite. My lungs are so strong that I feel like a new person; my friends look at me in astonishment, for not one of my people believed I could get well again. I thank you a thousand times, and if I can help any to a knowledge of your treatment will gladly do so."

(To be continued weekly.)

Note—Readers of this paper can obtain books giving all particulars of the treatment by addressing Dr. E. W. Hunter Venetian building, Chicago, Ill.